JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 20, 1930
TWOPENCE

No. 1279.
Vol. XLVIII.

# JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE


## "complete score of 'Nippy' written with my Platignum," writes BILLY MAYERL

26

*Read this gifted composer's letter praising these pens—*

Billy Mayerl, master of syncopation, world-famed pianist, and composer of the successful musical comedy "Nippy," now playing to crowded houses at the Prince Edward Theatre, finds that no pen has ever given him the satisfaction that Platignum Pens give. Their reliability, he says, enabled him to complete the "Nippy" Musical Score in an almost impossibly short time.

General Manager,
Messrs.The Mentmore Mfg.Co.Ltd.,
Platignum House,
Mentmore.

Monday,
24th Nov.1930.

Dear Sir,

I feel I must write to express my appreciation of the Platignum pens. I think I can safely say that I have had hundreds of pens of various manufacturers and prices and none as yet have given me the satisfaction and service that the Platignum has. You will appreciate that it is essential for me, being a composer, to have a pen that will write when required. I now have six of your pens with varying nibs and they have all been excellent and given me great satisfaction. The complete musical score of "Nippy" the successful musical comedy at the King Edward Theatre was written at the time that I did had I been using my with the aid of my Platignums. I am convinced that I could not have got through all this work other pen. I do not know how you can manufacture them at such an absurdly low price.

Should you wish to use this letter, you have my full permission to do so.

I wish you every success.

Yours very truly,
Billy Mayerl.

Encl.

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**Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.**
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

*Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

HUGE SALE of Gent's Tailors' Suit of 10 yards 10 leaves, 3/6, post free. Limit. Amber Necklet 3/6; Toy Washing Machines, 39/-; Matching decorated fancy goods makes ideal gifts. Send for lists.—KAY, 77, Lower Thames St., E.C.3.

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GIVEN AWAY, BEAUTIFUL BATH TOWELS. Here's an offer you shouldn't miss. It is fully described in the advt. of R. Halliwell, on page 2.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW! Something useful!! And 6d. brings it!! Read the advt. headed "Just What's Wanted," on page 2.

VACUUM CLEANERS.—Guild, good condition, Popular maker, all volts, from £3 to clear. Ideal Xmas present.—Marsh, 18, Cavendish Pla., W.1.

SHOVE-HA'PENNY Boards, Finest Mahogany. All prices. Standard Model, 21/-. Cat. from actual makers.—Frank Adams, Ltd., 12, Wycombe.

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COCKERELS, Buckie, Orpington, Plymouth Rock, Minorca, Wyandotte, Langshan.—Turner, Vicharm, Regent Hill, Gloucester.

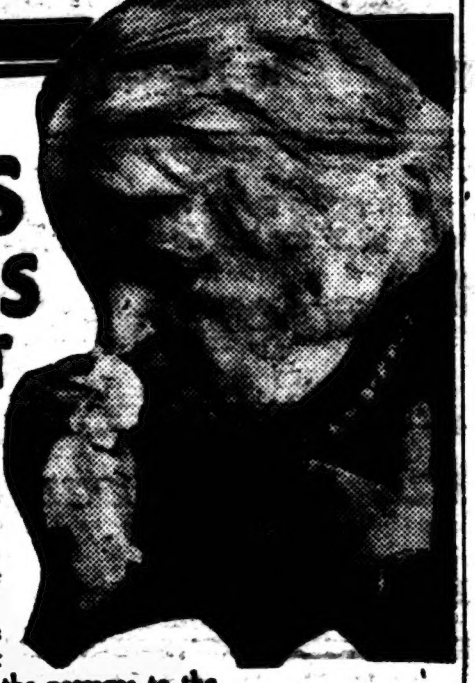
PIANO-Accordians, Hawkes, Concertinas, Organs. Write latest price list, easy terms.—Wurlitzer (Powderware), Dept. D., 91, Gunterstone Rd., W.14.

READERS' Attention is drawn to the FABIAN WIRELESS OFFER of a 3-valve "DEWISET" PORTABLE Full-Size Set in exchange for coupons from "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes, p. 39.

## LIVESTOCK, POULTRY.

IF you own a dog, write for free Specimen copy of the "DOG WORLD," the leading paper of vital interest to all dog owners—the only paper offering FREE DOG INSURANCE.—"DOG WORLD," Idle, Bradford.

FREE.—Write for the handsome 56-page illustrated booklet on the care and management of Dogs. Turn to SPRATT'S PATENT DOG FOOD advt. on page 28.

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FREE.—Write for the illustrated list of "PLATINUM" PENS, PENCILS, DESK SETS, etc., offered in the advt. on the Front Cover.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BLANFORD offer on page 20. A free Catalogue can be secured.

SEND for the free illustrated list offered in the BLACKBIRD FOUNTPEN advt. on page 20.

## DRESS.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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BRADDEN Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Porter's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. Boots, etc., or Porter's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl 34.

SANKEY'S Head Ointment is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds health to the hair and increases its growth. Thousands of families have proved its efficacy during the past good 60 years. Of all Chemists, or by Post, 6d. and 9½d. SANKEY & SON, LTD., "S.," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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IF you are subject to ASTHMA BRONCHITIS Lungs and CHEST TROUBLES, turn to the FOSTER'S ASTHMA CURE advt. on page 14, fill in the coupon, enclose 2d. stamps and secure a FREE TRIAL SAMPLE and a copy of an interesting booklet.

A HELPFUL booklet, "The Charm of Childhood," to help you with your baby is offered in the "VASELINE" advt. on page 17. Simply send a postcard with your name and address.

A FREE SAMPLE BOX of JORDAN'S GIN PILLS for Uric Acid complaints is offered in the advt. on page 24.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE.—Send for the illustrated booklet No. 23 explaining the details of the FREE TRIAL OFFER of an UNDERWOOD PORTABLE TYPEWRITER, which can also be obtained on easy terms for £1 1s. down. Simply fill in the coupon and send this right away. Page 23.

SOMETHING TO SEND AWAY FOR XMAS. Welcome are the attractive time and labour saving dishes so readily prepared and supplied by BIRDS. There is the world-famous BIRD'S CUSTARD of course, the hot sauce which crowns the Xmas Pudding. Be sure to get some BIRD'S "FLAKED" BLANC-MANGER, "SPONGE," and EGG SUBSTITUTE, which will all help to make an attractive Xmas fare. The children will love these specialities.

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IF you want more information about RADIUM LEATHERETTE DESKS, re-advertised on page 31, write for the free Leaflet offered in the advt.

GOOD Beef Suet is an essential as well as a comfortable and highly nourishing food. Shredded Suet is the modern and universal method of Suet in the modern and universal method of use, and one of the most popular brands on the market is "ATORA" SHREDDED SUET, which can be thoroughly recommended for making beefsteak puddings, suet dumplings, and many delicious items. A number of a host of other delicious items. A number of excellent recipes are given in a book which will be sent post free on receipt of a card to Messrs. HUGON & CO., LTD., Openshaw, Manchester.

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## IN FLOOR COVERING
WITH NEW LOW PRICES

90 SQ. FT. for 15/-

DAMP and ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

## PAROLEUM
(all rolls 2 yards wide.)
*Many pretty patterns to choose from.*

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| " 7 RUBY | " JULY |
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Very dainty high-grade Lady's Ring with your own Lucky Stone, perfect in cut, colour and brilliance. Keeps its colour, guaranteed 5 years. Adjustable to fit any size finger. Wonderful value. Send to introduce our Xmas list. State Birth-month number for Stone required. Price 1/6, or in Plush-lined Presentation case 4d. extra. Ideal for Xmas Gifts.

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Order at once. Patterns Free.

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Caps to match, 2/6 extra.
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20 KENSITAS FREE WITH EVERY 20- SPENT

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A perfect fitting, well-tailored Coat in the New Wonder Fabric resembling Elephant Hide. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied wearers. Huge stocks available in all sizes and ages up to 46 in. chest. Men's 7 : 42in. Boys' and Maids' 26-44 in. Length 18 in.

Colours: Fawn, Navy, Sage, Green.

PATTERNS & CATALOGUE FREE.

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BLUE MELTON POLICE TROUSERS BREECHES

To advertise our 74 page catalogue of over 250 Government Bargains we are making a special offer of a pair of guaranteed blue melton trousers for 7/6 or BREECHES with strappings 8/6 Postage on one or two pairs 9d. Over 40 in. waist, 1/- extra.

FAIR WEAR or a pair GIVEN FREE

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Cut from surplus Melton overcoating and made up into heavy melton garments as tough as iron, and we guarantee to replace should they fail. Remember cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send today, stating waist measurement, and you receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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1 Bottle 3 STAR BRANDY (Guaranteed Pure Grape)
1 Bottle "WHITE HART" Regd. Special SCOTCH WHISKY for

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| 2 Soft Woolly Blankets | 90 x 70 |
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Price 9/6 Postage free. 2 Suits Postage free. 18/6

*Please give second choice of colour when ordering.*

T. R. ROBERTS, Ltd. *(Estab. 1860)*

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FITTED WITH SPRING-ACTION EJECTING DEVICE FOR SERVING PICKLES, PASTRIES, SAUSAGES, Etc.

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Use fork in ordinary way and simply press knob at end of handle to release article being served. Finished in Nickel Silver, this novel Serving Fork is a most useful and attractive requisite for your table. In dainty box, price 2/- (post 3d.) or 2 for 4/- POST PAID. Send P.O. NOW to:—

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*Overall length 13 inches*

Of pliable nut-brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof.

Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and linen lined. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear.

3/11

Postage 6d.

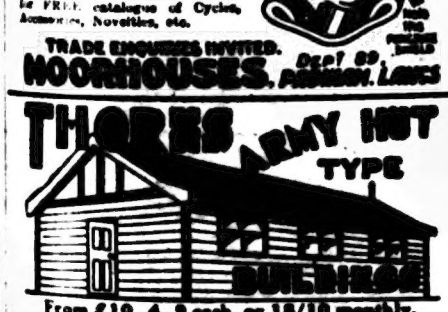
*Money-back Guarantee.*

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce.

Full Men's size only.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES ILFORD

# THORN ARMY HUT TYPE BUNGALOW



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The Famous "CAMBRIDGE" Automatic Lighter.

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Make this your GIFT. It will be used daily throughout the year with appreciation and gratitude.

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A BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE. (Everything Necessary) 30/-

A Purchaser writes:—"Highly satisfied. The materials alone would cost me much more."

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# *Slip on a* CHAIR-PROTECTOR *and keep your favourite chair as new!*

*Patent applied for.*

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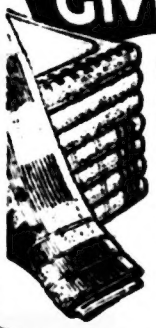
# Beautiful Bath Towels GIVEN AWAY



XMAS GIFTS FOR ALL!

Send for one of my bargain parcels of Towels and receive A Free Gift of a Heavy Quality, Large Size (60 ins. long) Coloured Bath Towel. (2 Gifts sent with Parcel No. 2.)

Parcel No. 1 costs 6/6 and comprises:—
2 White Hand Turkish Towels, 30" x 60".
4 Coloured Stripe Hand Towels, 30" x 60".
1 Coloured Stripe Roller Towel, 2½ yds.
1 Kitchen Tea Cloth, 18" x 30".
With Free Gift of Beautiful Bath Towel.

Parcel No. 2 costs 12/6 and comprises:—
2 Genuine "Admiralty" White Turkish Towels, 36" x 66".
4 Coloured Stripe Hand Towels, 30" x 60".
2 Coloured Stripe Roller Towels, 2½ yds.
2 Kitchen Tea Cloths, 18" x 30".
With Free Gift of Two nice Bath Towels.

Send NOW—You will be delighted.

E. Hollowell, 38, Major St., Manchester.

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## The World's Wonder Sets

from 5/6 DOWN SECURES a 2, 3 or 4 VALVE SET

SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES. Complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., ready for listening-in, with Grand model Cabinet (Cone or Horn-type Loud Speaker. Complete sets from 5/6 deposit. Nothing more to pay for a month. Purchase completed by easy monthly payments.

ASTOUNDING RESULTS.

SEND COUPON below in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope for beautiful MONSTER ART PLATES of full "Miracle" Range.

*SPECIAL OFFER OF SCREENED GRID SETS.*

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Name .....

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Write in capital letters, using a pencil, and post to WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

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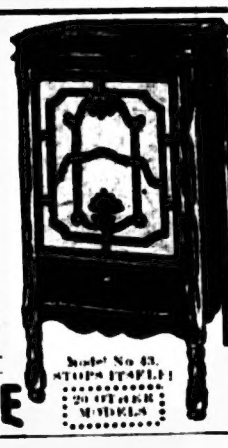

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FULLOTONE

Basket No. 63. STOPS STAPLE! 20 STOCK MODELS

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# FREE

**The name TOM SMITH on a Xmas Stocking is your guarantee of the highest quality—just as the name BLACK CAT is your guarantee of supreme quality, both in the cigarettes themselves, and in the FREE GIFTS the coupons bring you. Black Cat quality never varies!**

## FREE FOR 110 RED or GREEN COUPONS

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## 100% PURE VIRGINIA *Quality* CIGARETTES

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PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BLACK CAT GIFT BOOK.

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# JOHN BULL

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*"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"*

# New Home Office Broom for Dublin Sweep

## Love and the Lady Member

## Another "Air" Raid

**Be of good cheer! This advice is offered wholesale these days, but some of those who offer it should practise it themselves.**

**Let this be a season of Good Hope as well as Good Will. And Work. And Enterprise.**

**Let's substitute service for subsidy!**

**Meanwhile, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to all our readers!**

MR. CLYNES and his permanent officials at the Home Office have been putting their heads together over this Irish sweepstake business.

Long hours have been spent in quest of methods by which the circulation of tickets in this country can be curtailed.

JOHN BULL can reveal exclusively the ingenious method by which it is now hoped to achieve this end.

• • •

The headquarters of the sweep, being in the Irish Free State, are outside the jurisdiction of the Home Secretary, and the Postmaster-General cannot interfere with the incoming mail.

But the fact remains that it is still illegal to sell lottery tickets in this country, and it is in this direction that strong action will be taken.

• • •

Scotland Yard men, acting on Home Office instructions, have been making enquiries in certain directions as to those who are distributing books of tickets for the next sweep on a big scale, and it is quite possible that prosecutions will follow.

This action is inspired, not by bigotry, but by the fact that the authorities are of the opinion that the figures relating to the last sweep were unsatisfactory, far too much money being swallowed up in administrative expenses and commissions.

### It won't work

A group of Conservative M.P.s has already given notice of a motion to reject the Consumers' Council Bill—the housewives' charter—when it comes before the House.

But any alarm is stifled by the fact that conditional Liberal support will be forthcoming, and the second reading will be carried, though not by a comfortable majority.

All the more reason, therefore, why Mr. Graham should get on with the Bill without delay, so that the obstruction shall not grow.

### The gas rota

At last the three political Parties have come to an agreement with regard to broadcasting in rotation.

Tremendous difficulties have been encountered, but these, apparently, have now been overcome and an official statement may be expected shortly.

### Shortening the odds

The Board of Trade is advising British business men to be cautious in their dealings with Russia.

One year is suggested as the limit for credit transactions with the Soviet.

Credits for Anglo-Russian trade are consequently shortening in the City. And even the Government's Exports Credits Guarantee Department is restricting its grants.

This feeling of instability in Russian affairs is due to the fact that Moscow has recalled the able directors of Russian Oil Products and the Soviet Bank in London.

These officials had the City's confidence, while their successors are quite untried.

### Who is it?

There are far too many bachelor girls in the ranks of the Labour Party. Is this because they are wedded to their work?

In the Lobby the other day one of the best known and most popular women Members was being congratulated on an engagement which, they say, is shortly to be announced.

### Direct action

Figures of, course, can be made to prove almost anything, but the fact does remain that many local authorities are saving money for the ratepayers by cutting out profiteering and executing their building schemes by direct labour.

Croydon has saved £124 per house, Swanscombe £132, Withington £68, Hull £52, Woolwich £58, and Wigan £31.

Not only have the rates been saved, but lower rents for tenants is the inevitable sequel.

That's only Logic.

### Money for Blah

Subscriptions to the Tory funds are becoming so slender these days that a professional "axe-man" has been called in to the palatial central offices.

Two swipes of his economy chopper that could save the Party much money and trouble should be directed at the "Committee for Investigating Subversive Movements" and a similar body which for some reason is called an "Economic Research Office."

By closing down these two factories the Conservatives would gain more than money—respect.

### Home fires burning

The home fires are burning more brightly. The latest weekly return of coal production in the British Isles shows an output of 5,039,500 tons.

Thus, for the first time for thirty weeks, the figure has topped the five-million mark.

We are optimistic enough to accept this as a premonition of greater prosperity for the miners, if only peace and constructive thought can be maintained in the industry.

### No opera subsidy?

Downing Street got the surprise of its life at the hostile reception accorded to the opera-subsidy proposal.

It is more than likely that the present scheme will be abandoned, and that the British Broadcasting Corporation will ultimately pay the sum from its revenue.

And, by the way, when the official announcement is made, it will be found that the B.B.C. has decided not only to go on with television in 1931, but to maintain closer technical contact.

### Facts for fictionists

How many times have we attacked this stunt about Britain having the brokers in?

During the last twelve months £225,000,000 new capital was subscribed in this country.

This is £26,000,000 more than was subscribed in the year 1924, when the wanglers had not thought of the depression idea.

We are the last to suggest that everything in the garden is lovely, but we do like the truth. That's what JOHN BULL is here for.

### An easy job

The new chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation, Mr. Whitley, is still away, and one wonders why, in view of the fact that it was known that he was to be absent so long, his appointment to this important post was not deferred until after his return.

The matter cannot have been of such urgency, inasmuch as the B.B.C. is now carrying on as usual without his good offices.

### Bad news for bad men

America is pleased that our insurance companies have been making investigations into the activities of pirates and racketeers raiding British goods in New York Bay and docks, and is offering New York merchants special insurance rates against them.

The protective measures to be employed are not disclosed, but we know it is felt in responsible New York circles that they will do much to stamp out the criminals of the docks.

### Well done

Mr. Shinwell, Minister for Mines, goes up in our estimation.

He proposes to lighten the multiple duties of mines inspectors to ensure that these officials shall devote more and adequate time to their real job of "safety" inspections.

*The Miners' Pal*

There are but 110 inspectors, and it is only by the rigid insistence on regulations that the terrible toll of mine accidents can be reduced.

The coal industry pays out over £3,000,000 a year in compensation to injured miners and the dependents of those killed, a charge representing between 4d. and 5d. on every ton of coal raised.

And, money apart, there are those seven miners who are killed every two days. They're always on our mind. More power to you, Mr. Shinwell.

### Back to the wilds

Chevky Pasha, Councillor to the Turkish Embassy, has been recalled to Constantinople.

The human side of this is almost as interesting as the political side.

Chevky Pasha, whom one would take to be a European of noble family, was well known in the social world of London, and lunched and dined daily either at the Ritz, Carlton or Berkeley.

Now he is recalled to the tiny town of Angora, where life is on a very different scale.

We must pay a tribute, however, to the departing Councillor for the good work he did since the Armistice in endeavouring to foster a better understanding between this country and Turkey.

### Too much cotton

For years certain politicians and others have been preaching the "Grow Empire Cotton" gospel. The call was promptly answered.

And the result? Too much cotton.

The cotton craze, indeed, was ill-conceived. It did not allow for the amazing growth in the popularity of artificial silk.

Now there is too much cotton, too much artificial silk and too much wool. What *are* we wearing?

### Spirit and water

The increasing development of our inland waterways is providing employment for a growing number of workers in the Midlands.

It is also aiding trade through the medium of the cheaper transport of locomotives, rolling-stock and heavy machinery to the ocean ports for shipment abroad.

More motor-barges are being built, and the Grand Union Canal Company alone has planned to spend nearly a million of money on a big development scheme.

## Wednesday

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS**

**Next Week, JOHN BULL will be on sale on WEDNESDAY, December 24, instead of on Thursday, December 25**

# "IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

## JOHN BULL

### The last laugh

Britain has frequently been told that it should emulate the "peppy" methods of America in financial and commercial realms.

Our own methods, it is alleged, are ponderous and a relic of the past. But the last laugh appears to be with us just the same.

* * *

During the past year 750 American banks, many of them with a considerable number of branches, have crashed and closed their doors.

During the same period all the British banks have strengthened their positions, and British financial prestige is higher than ever.

Yes, sir.

### At last

Canada has introduced new import regulations to guard against the fraudulent shipment of foreign products bearing "British made" labels.

JOHN BULL has consistently exposed this evil and urged for action. It is gratifying to learn that at least one of the Dominions has sought a remedy.

### Black

A Staffordshire miner sends us his empty pay envelope just to let us know that for a week's hard work as a banksman he received—£1 11s. 9d. Yes, all in one week.

Out of this he must pay 9s. 9d. in rent, and with the balance feed and clothe a wife and four children.

And he points out that a seven and a half-hour day will mean a reduction in his pay of about 6 per cent. Coal's pretty black, isn't it?

### Staggering

We like Mr. Tom Walls. He is a wonderful actor and a decent fellow, but his defence of stag-hunting as a "sport," splashed all over an evening newspaper, is the worst advertisement he ever had in his life.

We loathe stag-hunting as much as we like Tom Walls. There was the episode—a few days before Mr. Walls spoke—when a wretched stag pursued by the hounds and followers of the Mid-Kent Hunt at Dymchurch swam out to sea to escape.

Why waste words? This sort of "sport" is un-British.

### Then—and now

If some of the officials of the Ministry of Pensions knew their jobs Mr. G. Parry, a Wrexham ex-soldier, would be a happier man.

In February, 1923, he received a final award, and the Ministry admits that, when he entered an appeal within the prescribed time-limit, he was incorrectly informed that he was too late.

But when it condescended to grant him the life-pension to which he was entitled it declined to pay any of the arrears.

Parry is not the first ex-Service man to have this niggardly treatment dealt out to him. But, of course, this is 1930—not 1914-18.

### Wish in English

When purchasing Christmas cards, please see that they bear the imprint of English firms This year a vast consignment of foreign cards has arrived here.

Surely our good wishes should be conveyed through an English medium.

### Fifty-shifty!

An unemployed man is a human being. Yes, according to the authorities, he can even win £50 in a picture-puzzle competition without losing the "dole" he doesn't want if he can get work.

It all began when an employment exchange considered the case of a poor devil who won such a prize. He couldn't help it, of course, because he happened to have sent in the winning solution. But they stopped his benefit.

* * *

He had actually sent in eighteen entries in two years!

Now the Unemployment Insurance Umpire of the Ministry of Health has ruled that there is no evidence that the man was following an "occupation" in connection with competitions.

He says that, in order to disqualify a prizewinner from unemployment benefit, strong evidence of a "systematic and persistent course of conduct," establishing beyond doubt that the man is making competitions an "occupation," must be produced.

### Our Parliament

JOHN BULL'S "Letter Parliament" is the voice of the people. And, on another page, this week, that voice of the majority denounces the idea of armed police in Britain.

Over 65 per cent. of those readers who contributed their views opposed the principle. It is astounding evidence of the trust and faith which this country has in the power of its dignity.

Facts prove they are right. There was another example a few days ago when the unemployed stampeded at Hammersmith.

In the United States they would have had machine-guns and tear-gas out. But at Hammersmith the police didn't even draw their batons.

We have increasing faith in the members of our "Letter Parliament." We rarely find them wrong—if ever.

### For the "exiles"

The Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which supplied six million books to the wounded in the war, have not forgotten the wounded of the peace.

They are about to embark on a great campaign to equip every hospital with a decent library.

This is splendid work. For is there any place where a good book is more appreciated than on a sick-bed? It marks the end, we hope, of old papers and out-of-date magazines in the sick wards.

### The right road

Chemists, we are glad to know, are growing more cautious and conscientious with regard to the quality and efficiency of appliances supplied to panel patients.

During the last five years the number of appliances and dressings found to be deficient has fallen from 32 per cent. to less than 11 per cent.

But we are still dissatisfied. Every panel patient pays for and expects full value. Eight out of nine is a promising percentage—but not good enough.

### Triumph—after 10 years

Mr. Justice Swift has won a battle after ten years' fighting. A woman usher is being appointed to look after the needs of women and children at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey.

*He beat officialdom!*

In November the judge called attention to the fact that he had to secure volunteer help when women were overcome in the stress of court turmoil.

He added that after ten years he was not hopeful of moving the authorities.

We know that feeling when dealing with officialdom.

### Alone he does it

JOHN BULL'S Football Prophet has achieved an amazing record, which is the talk of Soccer fans all over the country.

Already this season he has had no fewer than 61 "two-star" successes out of a possible 88, 71 "one-star" out of a possible 99, and 79 in code out of 97.

His predictions will be found this week on page 28.

### Kinema-obscura

The action of the London County Council in refusing a renewal of the licence for a London West End kinema because of the alleged behaviour of underworld women habitués should serve as a warning to other kinemas.

If either Scotland Yard or the L.C.C. will apply to us, we shall be able to indicate some of these other kinemas which equally require vigilance and possibly action.

### Business or surgery?

Horace Trevor Lewis was fined £5 at Chepstow Petty Sessions for permitting the four legs to be taken off a live heifer in a crude manner.

Edgar Davies, a Chepstow contractor, was fined the same amount for performing these ghastly amputations.

The poor beast had been poisoned by an adder, and a "vet." had ordered its destruction.

Was Edgar Davies' rough surgery intended only to keep the carcase saleable for human consumption?

Mr. G. M. Vaughan-Hughes, chairman of the Bench, remarked that there was no actual intention of cruelty, but the defendants should have known that animals could have wooden legs."

And all they did was to fine them!

### Down and up

There are big opportunities ahead for the clever sons and daughters of some of our miners.

For the Miners' Welfare National Scholarship scheme is inviting them to apply for a number of valuable scholarships, through the medium of which they will receive a complete university education with full maintenance.

Not only the children of pitworkers but young working miners, too, may apply.

We like to think that some of those in the dark underground are going to scale the heights.

### Irishman's rise

Towards the end of the World War the Admiralty arranged that a fixed percentage of warrant-officers should automatically be promoted to the rank of lieutenant every year.

The scheme has now been abolished the reason, apparently, being that it brought about congestion in the lieutenants' list. Promotion was slow and many who accepted commissions and rank were forced to quit the fleet through lack of employment.

Warrant-officers have welcomed the end of the scheme for this reason; but we wonder whether the congestion was caused by the promotion of warrant officers or the commissioning of too many others.

When *will* this "ranker" ban be thrown down?

### Use the exchange

An employment exchange is still what its name suggests, and not merely the venue of a queue and an unemployment bank.

Employers of labour should make more use of it. That's what it's there for—we hope.

The exchanges place in jobs 32,000 workers every week; but it is certain that if they were more often consulted employers would find, not only the people they need, but the very ones they thought they could not find.

### Devil and deep sea

This week's poor man who finds the Law unhelpful is Mr Davidson Page, Browns Road, Surbiton.

Summoned by the District Council for overcrowding, Page pleaded that his single room was always clean, his rent regularly paid, and that he had been on the waiting list several months for a Council house.

But the cause of his being prosecuted—the fact that he has six children—is the very reason for the Council's refusal to provide a house.

The Bench has ordered the man to find alternative accommodation. If they had been able to explain how the magistrates would have displayed real wisdom.

### Mean intimidation

Some colliery-owners in the Nottingham coalfield have adopted a sinister coercive practice to induce miners to join a so-called non-political union.

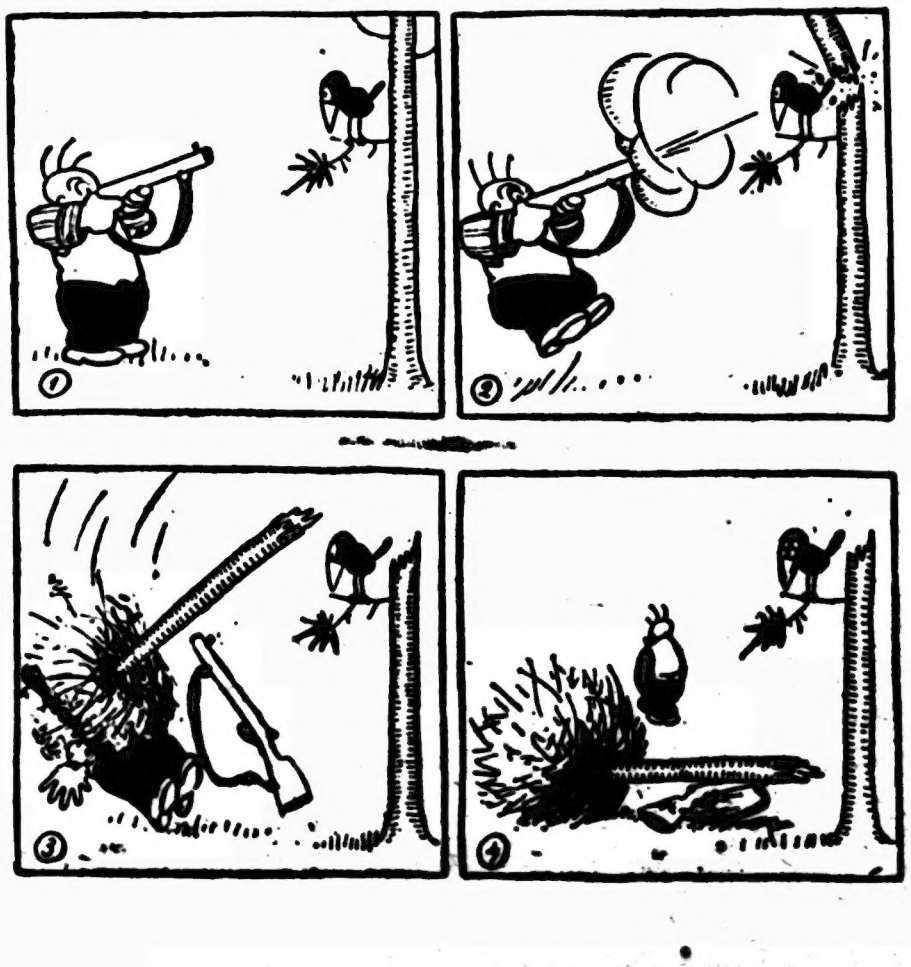
Miners have been resisting some what similar efforts for five years.

Now the managements issue leaflets which the men can sign—of their own free will, of course—authorising the collection of subscriptions for the Union at the colliery pay office.

The "freewill" pretence is hollow. "Charlie" Brown, Mansfield's M.P., explains that most of the colliery villages in the district are virtually company pounds.

The miners' dwellings are colliery property, and men are intimidated by the fear of losing their houses as well as their jobs.

## ADAMSON'S— —Christmas Tree



# A Day WORTH LIVING FOR

*by the Rev.* CANON ELLIOTT *of St. Paul's*

*"I think the way in which we make friends and then lose them is positively tragic"*

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and for that, in those days of reaction that come in January, when a reckoning has to be made in terms of pounds, shillings and pence, many a man is profoundly thankful.

Yet a Christmas well spent ought to leave us with a balance very much on the right side. We ought to feel ourselves richer, not poorer, for its coming.

To Dickens Christmas was "a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely."

Well, Dickens was no pessimist, but he has given us in those familiar words a very melancholy picture of human life.

Are we really as bad as that? Is Christmas the only time in the year when we open our hearts to others?

It is true, at any rate, that there is something in the air on Christmas Eve, something in the faces that we meet, something in the way we treat each other, that is not there in the same way or degree at any other time of the year.

If in that sense only we know how to keep Christmas and to keep on keeping the spirit of Christmas all the year round, many of the social and industrial problems of our time would solve themselves.

So I have sometimes thought of heaven as a state of life in which it is always Christmas Eve. I do not pretend that such a definition satisfies me completely or that it will satisfy anybody else. But there is a truth in it for those who will take the trouble to think it out.

Of course, it is at home that the spirit of Christmas manifests itself most fully. All our thoughts are homing-birds on Christmas Eve.

Wise folk keep Christmas in their own family circles, if they can. There is no time in the year when I feel more desperately sorry for the homeless and the lonely than when Christmas comes.

It takes more than a house full of furniture to make a home. Only the right spirit can do it. Where there is that right spirit, we find waiting for us an atmosphere of sympathy and trust and understanding in which our souls can live.

At Christmas-time we realise all this. We know where our treasure is. We get our values right, and honestly appreciate with warm-hearted thankfulness all that love and comradeship, all the increasing thoughtfulness and unwearying patience that keep us going and make life sweet.

IT is well that we should be reminded of that. Life is so many-sided and interesting. Business is so exacting. Engagements of one sort and another multiply so fast. And sometimes, as a consequence, the home is neglected.

A wife alone cannot keep the home homely, nor can a husband alone. It is a task that must claim them both. To accumulate wealth and to lose home in the process is a bad bargain.

To gain knowledge, fame, popularity, or anything else and to lose home is to echo in the course of time that old lament of Saul, "I have played the fool." It is worth while to think seriously of that.

So often a romance fades into a commonplace partnership, continually difficult and sometimes irksome, and the trouble is not want of heart, but want of thought.

What fools we are, some of us, in reckoning up our human balance-sheets! Why should we wait for bereavement to teach us the truth, when it is too late?

Smiles for the living are worth more than flowers for the dead.

Let me say just a word about the children. Blessed is the home where there are children round the table on Christmas Day.

In the deepest sense Christmas is their festival, for there was One—God of God and Light of Light—Who for us men and for our salvation became a child on the first Christmas morning.

Most children, I suppose, remember that story vividly as Christmas draws near. Millions of grown-ups forget it.

Has it ever struck you that the greatest employers of labour in the world are the children? Most of the work of every generation is done to provide for the next. And for the most part it is a happy industry.

There are parents who grumble, of course. But if, as a reproach to such a spirit, there came a Pied Piper, calling the children after him—away from the loneliness of this workaday world into that other where love is—the grumbles would soon change into sounds infinitely pathetic.

The children keep us busy, but what of that? They keep us cheerful. They keep us young. They get more good out of us than all the grown-ups can ever do.

And if they were not here—well, they are here, thank God, and on Christmas Eve most of us will have some parcels to hide. There will be merry sounds in the morning.

AS for Christmas cards, I sometimes think that modern folk are getting rather bored with them. Certainly it is no small task to try to remember all those to whom we ought to send a word of greeting at Christmas time.

Yet it is good that we should remember, just as we find it good to be remembered.

I think that the way in which we make friends and then lose them is positively tragic. Perhaps it cannot be helped. Old friends move out of our district, and in a year or two we find that they have moved out of our lives.

We no longer meet them. They have no share in the things that we say and do week by week as the years go round. So we drift apart.

A letter at Christmas or a card might just keep us in touch. Old acquaintance would be called to mind. Old memories would be stirred. And to them as well as to us it would mean something that we had not quite forgotten each other.

It is no small part of the business of life, as Samuel Johnson used to say, to keep one's friendships in repair.

The happiness of Christmas, let us remember, comes from the fact that we forget ourselves entirely and spend our time in thinking of others. Happiness is always ready to come to us on that same condition.

If we seek it, as so many do, in miserable aims that end in self, we shall be disappointed. If we seek it by showing ourselves friendly and by trying to enter helpfully into the lives of others, we shall find it.

There is nothing in life better worth doing than to help a lame dog over a stile, for there is always something in the eyes of a lame dog, when you have got him over his stile, which it is very sweet to remember.

Can we find a lame dog anywhere? That is the puzzle. If every puzzle in life were as easy as that, there would be very little to worry about.

I will just mention, if I may, a more difficult matter before I have done. Christmas is a good time for burying hatchets, for making up quarrels, for breaking down barriers, for clearing away those bitter hatreds and stupid alienations that separate us from each other.

Here, then, is a really difficult job for anybody who wants to keep Christmas in the right spirit.

Write a line or say a word to somebody whom you really dislike. It does not matter whose fault it was when the quarrel began. In any case, that is not worth bothering about now.

ONLY little men cherish grudges. Big men are willing to let bygones be bygones—at any rate, at Christmas.

Those who are afraid of losing dignity by speaking the word that would put things right are probably wise. They can have very little dignity that they can afford to lose.

Let the spirit of Christmas have its way with us in this matter. We shall never regret it.

In such a fashion as this we can really honour Christmas, make it sacred, and celebrate it for more days than one.

There is a vast amount of good in a man of whom it may be said, truly and in the right sense, that, whatever his weaknesses, he knows how to keep Christmas well.

# PEACE, PERFECT PIECES!

**Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT CECIL,**
***16, South Eaton Place, London, S.W.***

MY LORD,—I am especially glad to greet you at this season of the year. For its watchword is Peace and Good Will—that magic phrase which the gentlemen at Geneva have taken as their motto, and which in so many cases has sunk to be a catchword.

When you tell the League of Nations that the world can be disarmed if the peoples wish, you know full well what tremendous strides in international good will must be taken before all peoples do sincerely desire to disarm.

For you have seen what ill-will can exist at the meetings of the League, and the sight has almost broken your heart.

The one bright spark in the darkness is that, through your efforts, America may enter the League.

Meanwhile, lonely Crusader, you fight on. And all the signs of the season speak for you. It is the season when we do really, or pretend to, forgive our enemies.

It is the season of the Great Armistice. Only your fight for peace goes on.

JOHN BULL.

**H.R H. The PRINCE OF WALES,**
***St. James' Palace, London, S.W.***

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I am glad that you understand Spanish. What is there that you do not understand?

The man in the street realises by slow degrees how hard you work for the Empire.

But I think it is realised by now that, when you addressed the Argentine Club, and pointed out the chances for English trade in that republic, you proved yourself to be the best Imperial salesman going.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. J. CHUTER EDE, M.P.,**
***Tamworth House, Mitcham***

DEAR SIR,—I trust that the Departmental Committee of the Board of Education on private schools, over which you will preside, will make its enquiry thorough, and its recommendations drastic.

There are good private schools—they need fear nothing from publicity. But a large number of Dotheboys Halls exist, where the education is a farce and cruelty is rampant.

This I have often shown, and as often pleaded for the enquiry which is now to take place.

For the sake of the children, get to it.

JOHN BULL.

**The Rt. Hon. JAMES THOMAS, M.P.,**
***Dominions Secretary***

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—Do not let the controversy with the Irish Free State regarding Privy Council Appeals colour your judgment in the case of the Crown Colonies and Dependencies.

The Free State has its own competent courts and so have the large Dominions.

The appeal to the Privy Council is a vital necessity in such cases as that of Mr. T. Bowey Barrett, who was wrongly convicted and subsequently released and compensated.

In some of the Crown Colonies there is practically no legal machinery. To get a proper jury it is necessary to rope in men hundreds of miles distant.

The Free State can look after itself, but the far outposts cannot.

JOHN BULL.

## CANDID COMMUNICATION

**Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.,**
***59, Doughty Street, London, W.C.***

DEAR SIR,—While I sympathise completely with your aims in introducing a Bill to secure an eight-hour day and minimum wage for nurses, I cannot regard it as a practical measure.

Nurses no more than doctors can demand an eight-hour day. They do indeed already work in definite shifts. But they must be subject to a call of life-and-death urgency.

Nevertheless, the underlying principle is sound and backs up what JOHN BULL has been saying about sweated nurses for years. The eight-hour day may be impracticable, but there is no reason why these good women should not have a forty-eight hour week.

JOHN BULL.

**"JOHN BULL"**
***To Himself***

DEAR JOHN,—I am not satisfied with you. I never shall be. I know well that you want everybody to have a turkey and perhaps a bottle of wine this Christmas.

There will be moments in your happiness when a pang of misery will strike through you. You will know that a good many people are feeling the keen edge of the world's unkindness.

You have a fine, clean job in front of you in 1931 to help your fellow-men; so gird up your loins and carry on.

You have a great many friends and a good many critics, John. I hope you will remain the severest critic of yourself.

JOHN BULL.

**The Rt. Hon. LORD AMULREE,**
***Air Ministry***

MY LORD,—I take it that you are aware that a fire and bullet proof tank for aircraft has been invented by a group of British experts.

But why is your Ministry so apathetic? Must the secret go to France, Germany or Italy?

I should be the last to blame the inventors if they took their secret abroad to reimburse themselves for costly and prolonged investigations.

The value of fireproof tanks is obvious. They would eliminate one of the greatest perils of the air.

I suggest, my lord, that you take immediate steps to ensure that the invention is given exhaustive test by your officials.

If it wins through, then buy it for Britain.

JOHN BULL.

## *The Prince of Salesm —Winston Keeps on Talking*

**Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHIL**
***Chartwell Manor, Westerh m***

MY DEAR WINSTON,—A fortnight I published a forecast of last we India Empire Society meeting, wa ing the speakers, among whom yourself, to "control their tongues."

My warning was disregarded. you yourself delivered what was of the most mischievous speeches the history of politics.

Mr. Baldwin and all the respons members of his Party had agreed do nothing to embarrass the Gove ment at the Round-Table Confere

Why didn't you do the same? need for silent self-effacement sticking out a mile.

JOHN BUL

**The CHIEF CONSTABLE,**
***Northumberland***

DEAR CHIEF,—I am right glad t Northumberland and Durham Cou are doing on a small scale what I h long advocated for the whole kingd And that is the co-ordination of police force with local C.I.D centre

The new local C.I.D. headquart located in Newcastle-on-Tyne, serve that city and the two coun named.

Already the Newcastle C.I.D shown the way by helping the Durh police in regard to the South M murder.

The new system will do more A if its example is followed, we shall last get a firm grip upon crime in t provinces.

JOHN BUL

## *STRAIGHT from the Shoul*

MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN: "Mr Llo George is . . . putting his own Pa before England."

*He isn't the first politician to that.*

* * *

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN: "It would ta three days to state the theory of re tivity in words understood by a l man."

*The Sermon on the Mount tak little more than three minutes.*

**Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Cyril Norwood, Harrow's Headmaster, sings—**

# I'm Smacking on Top of the World

"THE world is so full of a number of things"—
Or so R. L. Stevenson said—
"I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings"—
But Stevenson long has been dead.

If he lived in this age and indulged in such views,
I'd very soon be on his track!
For I am the "bluest" of public school Blues;
Than my views is my blackboard less black.

Unmusical music, bad colour, bad art,
Inaccurate writing galore,
I ev'rywhere see—and these form but a part
Of the ugliness that I deplore,

"The world is so full of a number of things"—
'Tis thus that the rhyme should be writ—
"I'm sure we should all be as doleful as Inges"—
And that's why I'm doing *my* bit!

Although protests have been made against my address at Bedford College, I adhere to my opinion that politicians, journalists and the clergy are dangerous guides, because politicians never learn to think in facts, journalists have no conception of exactness, and clergymen say things without knowing what they mean.

I, on the other hand, know precisely what I mean, and I meant what I said when I described the present as a hopelessly ugly age—"an age of ugly art, bad colour and inharmonious music."

If these opinions should cast a gloom over the season of good cheer, I am sorry. But, as a schoolmaster, it is my duty to write a very bad report of this age.

I can only award it low marks for general intelligence. Indeed, if mankind constituted a class at Harrow, half of them would be at the bottom of the form and the other half would be expelled.

Some critics suggest that my comprehensive indictment of the age in which I have the misfortune to live was not distinguished by that regard for exactness which I find so lacking in others.

They say that, to anybody not sunk in the mire of pedagogic prejudice, a well-built modern home may seem more desirable than a "picturesque" Tudor cottage with a leaking roof and smoking chimneys.

They have yet to discover (they tell me) that a graceful motor-car is uglier than a rattling stage-coach, or modern London than the London through which the Black Death stalked.

I, however, am not accustomed to controversy, but to laying down the law to inky schoolboys and awarding appropriate punishment to any presumptuous enough to question my rulings.

If I had my critics at Harrow, I would with the aid of an arm skilled in wielding the rod, soon get the best of the argument.

The world seems to me like Smith Minor,
The dunce of his class.
In vain have I looked for a sign or
A hint in the mass
Of mankind that would cause me
alter one jot
The very low view I have formed
the lot!

So, feeling tuition is wasted
On such a poor stock,
I thought it was time that my taste
The pains of the block
And so, with the world's fo welfa
in mind,
I brought down the birch on the pan
of mankind!

by A. G. GARDINER

*To sit on that "dole" queue — Members of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. From the left: Mr. H. M. Trouncer; Judge Holman Gregory, (Chairman); Dr. H. J. W. Hetherington*

## The In-and-Out Trick of—

# A TRAGIC PANTOMIME

CHRISTMAS is upon us—a sombre Christmas. Even so indomitable a spirit as that of Mark Tapley would have to concede that. Such cold comfort as we may draw from the fact that all the world is under the same shadow, that, indeed, it lies blacker over most of the earth than here, is ours.

But the misfortunes of others are a poor solace for our own.

We cannot cool our fever by thinking of the snowy Caucasus, and the tragedy of two and a quarter millions of unemployed is not made more bearable by contemplating the miseries of Russia or the famine in China or the announcement that Germany has nearly four millions of workless on her hands.

But we have better resources in ourselves. "These are the times that try men's souls," as Thomas Paine said in a much darker hour than this, and nothing is more certain than that the shadow will lift.

It will lift all the sooner if we keep our courage high and preserve the kindly humanities that make the Christmas season the most beloved of all our festivals.

## *Touched a chord*

For this reason I am glad that Miss Bondfield has got the £10,000,000 she asked for to tide the unemployment fund over Christmas and the opening of the New Year—a result not a little due to the moving appeal with which Mr. George Buchanan touched the heart of the House.

But the kindly humanities alone will not rescue us from the desperate plight we are in. If they are not backed by a courageous facing of the cold facts they will only land us deeper in the mire.

For this reason it is good news that the Government has appointed a Royal Commission to investigate and report upon the alarming situation of the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

The failure to grapple with this problem is the gravest count in the indictment against the Government. It has been in office eighteen months, during which the fund has become hopelessly insolvent, and nothing has been done to check the notorious abuses of the "dole" or to stop the rush into illimitable bankruptcy.

The debt to the Treasury is at present £56,000,000, and it is increasing at the rate of £40,000,000 a year.

The deplorable Act of 1930, for the worst features of which the Liberal Party is as much to blame as the Government, has alone added £13,000,000 a year to the cost of the "dole."

The increased borrowing powers granted to Miss Bondfield have raised the limits of the debt to £70,000,000, but at the present rate of expenditure this will be reached before April.

Before then drastic action must be taken, and it is to discover what that action should be that the Royal Commission has been appointed.

Mr. MacDonald has been attacked for selecting only impartial experts for the task. Why, asks Mr. Maxton, has he not included representative trade unionists?

The public, on the other hand, will be grateful to the Prime Minister for having had the wisdom and courage to exclude all interested and sentimental considerations and to rely upon the most instructed and dispassionate agents at his command.

For the plain fact is that the position has got entirely out of hand, and that the abuses threaten the whole structure of the State.

Do not let it be supposed that the enquiry involves an attack on the insurance scheme.

That scheme has been of priceless value to the country in circumstances which, had it not been in existence, would have brought us to the brink of national disaster.

The scandals which have grown up about it have nothing to do with the original intention of the scheme, which in itself is an entirely sound and solvent insurance system, in regard to which the word "dole" is a grotesque misnomer.

It is the uncovenanted benefits which constitute the "dole," and in connection with which the abuses mainly occur.

Not entirely, of course. The insurance scheme itself is being increasingly exploited both by employers and employed.

Miss Bondfield herself gave in the House a most startling illustration. She quoted a leaflet issued by the Garfield Colliery Company, in which the following passage occurred:

> "The pits will be so worked as to qualify employees for three days' unemployment benefit in alternate weeks. The unemployment benefit will therefore more than cover the reduction in wages."

## *Barefaced*

Later in the same debate Sir Henry Betterton mentioned the case of 1,400 trimmers at Cardiff whose earnings average over £4 a week for working a three and a half-day week, and each week, on the average, over half of them establish a claim for unemployment benefit!

This, under the existing law, is quite legal. It is also quite insane. If this goes on, then industry can put up its shutters and the nation must go out of business.

The insurance scheme was never intended to be a subsidy to industry; but it is fast becoming that, and unless the scandal is drastically stopped every industry must in self-protection adopt the same expedient.

This flagrant abuse of the intention of the insurance scheme must be ruthlessly abolished.

It is typical of multitudes of abuses which are so paralysing industry and creating a vast new rentier class whose business is not to work, but to live on the "dole."

## *Never-never youth*

Every kind of ingenuity is exploited for getting thrown out of a job and establishing a claim on the insurance fund.

Frequent cases have come under my own notice in which boys have refused jobs away from home because it pays the family better to keep them at home on the "dole."

One evil feature of the abuses is that the claim takes no account of the family income.

Cases are almost daily disclosed in which families with a total income of £6, £7, and even £10 a week, are drawing the "dole" through one of their members.

The art of living on the public is becoming a profession practised openly and without shame.

The material ruin that must result from all this is apparent. The burden falls on the back of industry, and in adding to its burdens increases bad trade and genuine unemployment.

The moral ruin, especially in the case of the young, is less visible, but even worse in its consequences.

What is needed, and needed without a day's unnecessary delay, is a sweeping revision of the system.

It must be put on a strict actuarial basis, and its administration must be taken out of the hands of a Minister subject to all the pressures, "pulls" and influences of Party politics and handed over to a statutory authority, like that of the Port of London.

*Homely Wisdom—by* CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

# *Make Life Better!*

A WORKING-MAN writes me a letter commenting on my article, "Science and the Soul," in JOHN BULL, November 29. He says he can do with all I write about the soul, but has no interest in science.

To this I reply: Then you are odd man out, old chap; for there is no subject that arouses such absorbing general interest to-day as the subject of science in any or all of its various departments.

Science is rapidly transforming the world, and if we can only get rid of war it will succeed in abolishing poverty and want, and bringing leisure and brightness into the lives of the multitude.

But we always come back to the moral factor. Shall we be equal to the blessing when we get it, and shall we have the wisdom to make the best use of it?

The question thrusts itself into my mind as I read this working-man's letter.

Here is no slacker or parasite content to do nothing and live on public bounty or become a burden on his family, yet he gets paid only 10d. an hour as a quarryman, and his wages are stopped if he has to be off through fog, frost or rain.

He earned 27s. 4d. last week. Deduct 1s. 6d. for tram fare, 7s. 5d. for rent, 6s. for clothing club, and what is left is all he has to feed his wife and child and himself.

He cannot help feeling a little embittered that his employer should be able to live in luxury while he has to slave on such a pittance.

He has only one suit, the one he goes to work in, his Sunday suit having had to go to the pawnbroker's to buy necessaries in a bad week.

With rough eloquence, he asks:

"It is hard to come home and find that my wife has gone almost without food throughout the day so that I could have something to eat in the evening.

"There ought to be something better than this for us both, but it does not seem as if it will ever come our way. What is wrong?"

There is plenty of kindness in the world, but it is dammed up by our lack of faith in one another's good intentions. No change of political system would of itself cure the evil.

Even in these hard times there is enough wealth being produced, as a prominent statesman says, to feed and clothe every human being in a civilised country: but we are wasting on death-dealing inventions what should go in making life better all round.

The pitiful budget above-mentioned is a cry for justice from the ranks of the unprivileged.

Every man has a moral right, not only to the satisfaction of his bodily needs and of those dependent on the fruits of his labour, but to an adequate share in the spiritual joys of life and full opportunity to develop his soul.

# Tragic Asylum Mystery

THERE is lying broken and helpless to-day in a mental hospital at West Ham, London, a youth who, until a few months ago, was as fine a specimen of young manhood as could be found in the British sea-service.

Why is he there? What has caused this quick and terrible change in his physical and mental state?

It is for the purpose of obtaining answers to these questions that we herewith lay bare all the facts which can be ascertained regarding this poor fellow's extraordinary plight.

A wall of silence has been built up around the mysterious affair, and even the nearest relatives of the unfortunate young man cannot breach it.

He is Mr. Robert Bevan, aged 25, an able-bodied seaman who has been in the service of the New Zealand Shipping Company, of London.

For nine years, Board of Trade records testify, Bevan has had a meritorious record in the Mercantile Marine, which he joined after passing with the highest credit from the training-ship *Exmouth*.

*"Robert Bevan . . . was a fine young man of great physical strength"*

In all the official registers his ability as a seaman is commended, and his character and conduct have been given the highest possible praise.

## *Boxing sportsman*

Mr. Bevan, since boyhood, has also been a member of the Royal Naval Reserve, and there also has a perfect record.

Until now he had been a young man of great physical strength, noted for prowess in sport—he was a very useful boxer—and illness had been a life-long stranger to him.

Last March, Bevan joined the liner *Hororata* at London, and after visits to various British ports for cargo-collection, sailed in the ship for New Zealand.

On the voyage there and back to this country he wrote his usual cheery letters to his relatives here. There was nothing in them which indicated in any way that anything untoward had happened to him in the ship, that he was ill, or had any cause for unhappiness.

Nearly four months ago the *Hororata* returned to London.

His friends and relatives knew that the ship was due, and their perplexity and anxiety became intense when, weeks after the liner's actual arrival, they had not seen or heard from him.

## *Five weeks*

Then, by accident, his sister learned that Mr. Bevan was an inmate of a mental institution at West Ham.

Greater still was the relatives' astonishment when they came to know that for at least five weeks previously, without any member of his family being aware of the fact, he had been in a general hospital at Whipps Cross.

All they could learn was that he had been taken there direct from his ship when it reached London.

They made the most strenuous enquiries to find the reason for his removal to this hospital in such secret circumstances, and why he had been transferred later to a poor-law mental institution.

No information of any kind could be obtained.

A few days after his transfer to the mental hospital Bevan sent a letter to his brother, who was then at sea. Unfortunately, the letter went to wrong addresses at Continental ports, and did not reach him until a few days ago at Newcastle.

This letter was dated October 9, and from the tone and text it was clearly written by a man who was then in possession of his faculties.

The brother was astonished to learn that Bevan had been in hospital for such a long period without his family knowing anything about it. He was more amazed still to discover that he was confined in a mental institution.

These facts, together with one emphasised sentence in the letter, roused the brother's suspicions. It was: "You will find out from my mates what has happened."

Immediately, the brother left his ship and went to London to discover what had occurred.

It has been a vain mission. Everywhere he has been refused the slightest information.

## *Sailor among the Lunatics: Truth Must Out*

When he called upon Bevan in the mental hospital it was to find him helplessly prostrate, a complete physical and nervous wreck.

He was in constant tremors and could only gasp out bits of sentences. What had happened since he wrote the intelligent letter which had fetched his brother to London? Far from being able to write, he was now scarcely able to lift his hand in greeting.

## *Only darkness now*

It was understood from him that he had been in a ward with maniacs and other people with mental afflictions.

An effort was made to learn from him what occurrences on the ship had led to his present terrible condition.

All he could tell was that he remembered a pain in the head, lying on a hatch, and a bandage having been put round his head. There was now nothing but darkness in his mind.

Naturally, the brother went at once to the offices of the shipping company, which are only a few yards from the berth which the *Hororata* occupied in dock.

He was informed that nothing more could be told to him than that his brother had been carried off the ship on a stretcher, had been transferred to the care of the poor-law authorities, and removed in an ambulance van to hospital. He already knew all this.

## *Pillar to post*

Not the briefest piece of knowledge could be obtained as to what had occurred in the ship.

The company's representative referred him to the Board of Trade.

There he went, only to receive another rebuff.

The Department referred him back to the company.

So, like a shuttlecock, he has been bounced to and fro between the two, and has failed to glean anything.

He next sought out the chief officer and boatswain of the *Hororata* who were responsible for his brother's discipline and work in the ship.

Again he was baulked. Both had been transferred to and sailed in other ships.

*Up to the National Seamen's Union M... W. R. Spence, the General Secretary*

Two items of information have come to light.

One is that Bevan's pay for his last voyage, about £40, and his accruing Naval Reserve pay are being held by the Board of Trade.

Although he is being treated as a pauper mental patient, the Department proposes to hand over the money on demand to the [illegible] authorities.

The other is that the Board of Trade has received instructions to enter a "bad discharge" in Bevan's seaman's book when he is well enough to leave hospital.

Nothing worse than this could happen to a British sailor. If ever Bevan recovers from his present awful plight his whole future career in the merchant service and in the Royal Navy would be imperilled.

We demand that no entry of this kind must be made in the records until there has been proper enquiry into this extraordinary affair.

It is astonishing that a young man in the fullest vigour of life and bearing the promise of a successful career should, unknown to his family, have been stricken so inexplicably and then made a pauper patient in a mental institution.

And why the secrecy that has been maintained throughout?

Wherever they may be, we invite those men who were fellow-members of the crew of the *Hororata* with Bevan to tell what they know of the strange fate he has met.

# MAN *who* CASHES SENTIMENT

AT this season of the year, increased activity is always noticeable amongst those who live by exploiting the good nature and generosity of others.

One gentleman who is very busy making bogus appeals at the moment is a begging-letter writer named R. K. King, of Edward Villa, The Street, Cobham, Surrey.

King does not send out his letters indiscriminately. He selects his victims in a careful but callous manner.

His favourite method is to watch obituary notices in provincial newspapers and then address a craftily worded letter *to the deceased person*, knowing full well that it is bound to fall into the hands of the nearest relative.

In his letter he writes as an old friend who has been away for years, and who, having fallen upon hard times, writes to ask for some sort of assistance for old time's sake.

He contrives to work in a great deal of sentiment, so that the relative on reading his words, can hardly fail to be moved by them.

He recently singled out a Birmingham lady as a prospective dupe, but she had the wit to see through his little game.

But others have not been so cautious, and numerous complaints have been made to the Charity Organisation Society in this connection.

The police, too, have had occasion to enquire into his activities, and he was brought up before Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate, a year or two ago in consequence.

He was then lucky enough to be bound over, but the fact that he is now as busy again as ever shows that the leniency then shown towards him was sadly misplaced.

Any readers who may be approached by him should complain to the authorities at once.

# T.T.C. *Spells Twaddle*

HAVE you heard of the "T.T.C."? It operates, we are told, in all principal cities, and its head office is at 32, Union Street, London, W.

These cryptic letters which grace its notepaper stand for the "Talking Training Centre," but the organisation is not a college for budding film stars—it is out to train "sound engineers."

A preliminary circular states that, apart from the thousands of cinema theatres throughout the kingdom advertising organisations and educational authorities now require "sound engineers," and salaries of £400 and £500 a year can be secured.

Pupils can enrol on payment of £3 3s., but the "T.T.C." willingly offers to accept £1 1s. down and the balance on commencement of the course.

The two directors, W. Wright and R. T. Knight, claim to be "associated with the kinematograph industry," but it is by no means clear what qualifications they possess for training "sound engineers" by post.

The "T.T.C." is not registered as a business name at Somerset House, and readers should call for more definite particulars before parting with their cash.

# NOTORIOUS BURGLARY —Blackmail Sequel

*Had Mr. Justice Wright known these facts he would never have made the sentence so severe*

HOW tragically a comparatively innocent lad may become involved with dangerous criminals is illustrated in the story of young George Warren.

This lad is at present in Parkhurst Prison, having been sentenced for his complicity with two hardened rogues in a case of robbery with violence.

An examination of the full facts, which we have made following an appeal from a reader, satisfies us that Warren has been punished far more harshly than he deserved.

He is the victim of a most astounding combination of circumstances, and though we have no intention of glossing over such lapses as he has committed, we feel that public sympathy will be with him when the full story is told.

In order to appreciate the position we must go back a year or two, when young Warren, who limps owing to a foot being partly paralysed, was earning his living in Belgium as an attendant and guide of an Australian officer who had been blinded in the war.

## A *bad slip*

Relatives eventually came to take this officer back to Australia, so Warren found himself out of a job.

He stayed on at the hotel at which he had been living, hoping to find other employment, but he was unlucky.

Then he did a foolish thing. He proceeded to Paris, leaving his hotel bill unpaid, though he wrote to the management promising to settle his account as soon as possible.

He was assisted back to London by a charitably disposed person who took pity on him, and still kept up a correspondence with the Belgian hotel, confirming his intention to pay what he owed.

Meanwhile, however, a summons was taken out against him.

He at last obtained work, but during the first week, while waiting for pay-day, he slept on the Thames Embankment each night, being entirely without means.

When he could afford it, he obtained shelter in a hostel, but his first night there brought calamity. Every stitch of his clothing was stolen.

By the time he had reported his loss to the hostel officials and had been provided with alternative clothing, he was late for work. As a result he was dismissed.

But the loss of a hard-won job was to be but a trifling part of the recoil from this theft, as we shall presently show.

Though destitute and homeless, once more, young Warren persevered and obtained a post as butler with a wealthy man in the West End of London.

## *Terrible weapon*

Now, it so chanced that the stolen effects had included some of the letters from the Belgian hotel regarding Warren's debt, and the crooks into whose hands these letters had fallen sought out the lad and commenced to blackmail him unmercifully.

It was not only the threat of exposure and the inevitable loss of his new job that was held over him.

Warren's persecutors let him know that they were dangerous men, who would resort to violence without compunction.

At about this time there was a burglary at the house where Warren was employed, and the resultant Press publicity drew attention to the immense amount of jewellery in the owner's possession.

The house was thus marked down by a number of hardened criminals, among whom were young Warren's persecutors, two men who passed by the aliases of Jack Le Roy and John Harris.

The blackmailers now redoubled their efforts.

Warren was told that unless he let them into the house one night he would be exposed as a man wanted in Belgium for defrauding an hotel, and that his life would not be worth a moment's purchase if he breathed a word to a soul.

They had already frightened him into paying them sums of money, and now they fixed a definite time-limit for him to fall in with their suggestions.

## *Fear of murder*

In despair, Warren decided to give up his job and leave before the fatal day arrived. He actually gave in his notice, but was persuaded to stay on for a week.

This week, unfortunately, took in the day fixed by the crooks for their admittance to the house. Young Warren was in a quandary.

He was simply terrorised, and fully believing that he would be killed if he held out any longer, decided to do as his blackmailers demanded.

On the night fixed, therefore, he admitted Le Roy and Harris to the house; but they were surprised before they could obtain any valuables, and in the struggle which ensued the owner was seriously injured.

Harris escaped, but Le Roy was captured, and young Warren was placed in the dock with him.

That Le Roy suspected the young butler of having summoned his employer on the night of the attempted crime seems evident from his action in the dock.

Le Roy, who was, of course, standing there beside the young man, uttered a torrent of abuse and made a murderous attack upon him.

## *Suffered the "cat"*

The lad's cries resounded throughout the court before he fainted, and half a dozen warders were required to remove the infuriated Le Roy.

The evidence of Warren's employer was that his butler had joined in the assault upon him on the night of the burglary; but the lad swore that he had been trying to assist his master.

When sentence was passed no distinction whatever was made.

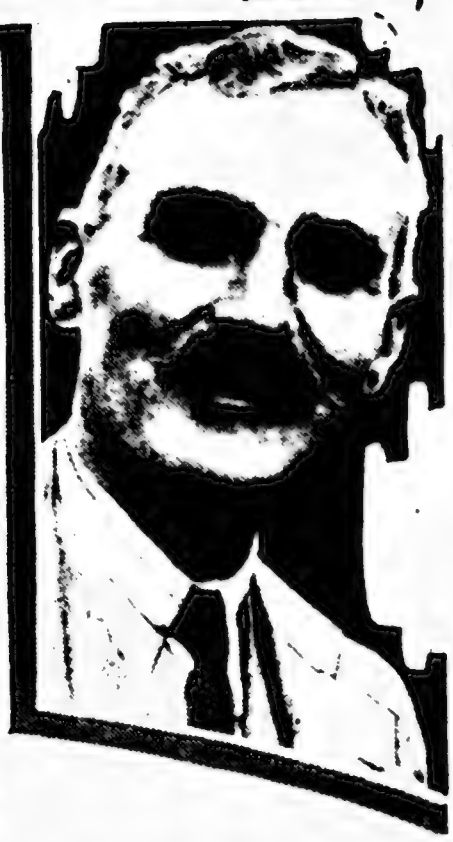
Both Le Roy and Warren were ordered to receive eighteen strokes of the cat and six years' penal servitude.

The lad was certainly deserving of punishment for his part in giving two dangerous men access to his employer's house, but the severity of the sentence he received is appalling.

His youth and the fact that there were no convictions recorded against him but for the Belgian lapse, do not seem to have been taken into account.

Le Roy, on the other hand, is a hardened rogue. His brutal attack upon young Warren in the dock gives a very fair indication of his character.

His real name is Colin Home Woodward, and he has been a menace to society for years.



*Chief Inspector Hambrook arrested Warren and Le Roy*

He has been to prison previously on more than one occasion, and upon his arrest in one instance he was found in possession of a dagger and a revolver.

The other man, Harris, who was believed to be the ringleader in the case we are considering, is also known to be a dangerous character.

But he is still at large, while poor young Warren has already been in jail two and a half years.

## *Still hope*

This lad is in poor health and, as we say, partially paralysed

He was deserving of punishment, but in view of the circumstances here set forth we now feel that the Home Secretary should intervene and lessen a long sentence in the hope that a good citizen might be made of him even yet.

# The Vacant Chair

It was a sad day for the family at No. 7 when father was taken ill. Mother said she couldn't bear to see dad's chair empty—he was always the soul of the family circle.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and, sure enough, a letter arrived one morning from JOHN BULL. In it was a cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift.

Mother said it was "just wonderful." But father took all the credit to himself by saying that the little windfall was due to his foresight in having registered for JOHN BULL'S gift.

Now that the cheque has been cashed, mother is able to send upstairs little "extras" for the patient—delicacies which will bring back the roses to his cheeks and speed him on the road to complete recovery.

You might look into thousands of homes similar to No. 7 and see how a JOHN BULL cheque has worked its magic in times of sickness.

Take the home of Mr. R. McCurley, 64, Tees Crescent, South Stanley, N.W. Durham, for example.

Our reader after receiving his cheque writes: "Cheque for sickness benefit received. Words fail to express adequately my grateful thanks. Your insurance is just wonderful . . . a boon to working people."

JOHN BULL has paid over 60,000 cheques on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident. Registration forms will be found on page 34.

# A MAJOR'S *Cheque-Mates*

FREQUENTING most of the leading hotels in London at the moment is a man of military bearing, who passes variously as Major Wilson, Major Thomson and Major Williams.

He finds no difficulty in insinuating himself into the company of fashionable people in lounges and cocktail-bars, for he is undoubtedly a man of culture and charm.

* * *

But he does not always seek his victims amongst the wealthy. Just of late he has defrauded waiters and other hotel servants in a despicable manner.

An employee of an exclusive hotel in the Strand is to-day the poorer by £5 because he cashed a cheque for the major, whom he had seen in conversation with respected guests, and whom he assumed to be a gentleman.

* * *

The major has cashed other worthless cheques in some of Piccadilly's most fashionable resorts, but he continues to find fresh dupes, and while complaints are mounting steadily, the authorities have been unable to find out very much about him.

Hotel proprietors should be especially on their guard.

# Nobody ever receive[d] too many Christmas bo[xes] of Cadbury's

KING GEORGE Assortment 1 lb. box 4/-
CARNIVAL . . . 6/6

PRINCESS ELIZABETH Assortment 1 lb. box 4/-
GOLDEN EAST . . . 5/-

# CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES

See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of Chocolate.

# LAND TRUST MAGNATE MISSING

## *Amazing Abuse of many Titled Names*

*From the back—Lord Teynham, Maj.-Gen. Sir Reginald Ford, Sir H. W. S. Jerningham, whose names, among others, were used without authority*

**Weekly Informations from**

**SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS**

I HAVE always deplored the practice of some prominent people lending their names to ventures that are utterly unworthy of public notice or support.

But a case is before me now in which titled names have been exploited to inspire public confidence quite without the authority of their owners.

A pretentious scheme was placed before the public about eighteen months ago in the British Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., which occupied offices in Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.

An array of truly imposing names appeared in connection with this scheme—Lord Teynham, D.L., J.P.; Sir Henry William Stafford Jerningham, J.P.; Major-General Sir Reginald Ford, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.M.G.; Colonel Wilfrid Frank Nicholson; Major Sir Logie Alexander Elphinstone of Glack, and Mr. C. B. Houston, nephew of Lady Houston.

Such names would naturally carry weight anywhere, and taken in conjunction with the ambitious aims and objects of the British Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., must have made a good impression.

The Trust's interests were widespread, and arrangements were made for the development of land in Kent and giant concessions in Africa.

On the Gold Coast the Trust had options on seven concessions covering 280 square miles.

This land was said to be rich in minerals, but the exploitation of palm-oil was to be one of the Trust's main interests.

These concessions were valued at £940,000. It was said that £100,000 was already forthcoming from influential sources, and the balance of the purchase-money was sought from the public.

No public share-issue was ever made, but the Trust applied privately for investments in denominations of £1,000, promising a definite return of £200 on each £1,000 within three months.

For this purpose it employed expert canvassers, who were paid 10 per cent. commission on their sales.

I do not know how much money was thus obtained. How could I, when the directors themselves are ignorant on this point?

### *One long lie*

No account of the Trust's financial affairs has ever been issued, and such books as were kept are quite unhelpful.

I suspect, however, that numerous people have been badly victimised by what was really a monstrous sham from the start.

Not one of the many titled and distinguished people mentioned was aware that his name was being used, while the person passing as "C. B. Houston" was, in fact, not the nephew of Lady Houston, but a company-promoter named Herbert Gratton.

The alleged scheme in Kent did not mature; the Gold Coast concessions never actually belonged to the Trust, which, from beginning to end, was without assets.

It is surely lamentable that a concern can be formed on gross misrepresentations of this character.

The individuals responsible for this flagrant piece of deceit are Gratton, alias Houston, and another man called William Bowler, who, being a shrewd kind of financier, has for some time proved particularly elusive to people who have endeavoured to get in touch with him.

One poor fellow was doubly victimised, having paid petty cash on the Trust's behalf out of his own pocket.

Creditors were pressing, investors were growing restive, and bailiffs were about to seize the office effects on behalf of the unpaid landlord.

The investors believed that two other concerns—the Appolama Development Co., Ltd., and the British Co-operative Development Trust—were taking over the African concessions on terms which would enable the original Trust to pay splendid profits.

### *Missing*

Here, again, the story was a tissue of lies, and it is not surprising that the affairs of the Trust eventually came to the notice of the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

Every effort has been made to induce Bowler to face the issue and assist the Registrar in his investigation, but without avail.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies has the power to conduct a full investigation into the affairs of any organisation that happens to be registered under the Friendly Societies Act.

But for some strange reason a man who persistently refuses to attend such an enquiry cannot be compelled to do so, even though he is known to be in possession of evidence of vital importance.

### *I hope—*

Although the Registrar of Friendly Societies did his utmost to make Bowler attend the enquiry, and even succeeded in getting him fined by a magistrate for refusing to do so, the matter is still in abeyance owing to his contemptuous attitude.

I hope sincerely that it will not end there.

# PRIZE *Yankee* TRICK

DESCRIBED on its business notepaper as the "house for quality and value," a concern called the London General Warehouse, Ltd., of Oxford Street, London, deals in miscellaneous textile goods.

But its sales methods are of a kind we have had to criticise in these columns on more than one occasion.

The London General Warehouse, Ltd., is, in fact, the latest company to exploit the Yankee prize-competition trick.

Instead of offering its wares through normal trade channels, it first sets out to attract the gullible by offering £100 cash in connection with a childish competition.

* * *

The catch lies in the fact that entrants only become "eligible" for the £100 prize when they solve the puzzle correctly.

They then learn that the solution carries only 400 points out of a possible 500; that they must buy 10s. worth of goods to gain a further 70 points; and that the remaining 30 points will be awarded by final judges for neatness and accuracy.

The company, we find, was registered barely seven months ago, and has a paid-up capital of £2. The directors are Nathan Mathuen, a Russian, and Fay Heiser.

* * *

Queries which have reached us from various parts of the country suggest that London General Warehouse, Ltd., is making a wide bid for customer-competitors.

One discrepancy we note is that the company's circulars originally demanded that goods of not less than £1 in value should be ordered, while the later ones have been altered in red ink to 10s.

Why should some competitors be asked to pay double?

The scheme is obviously unfair in every particular and should be left alone.

# SHUN *this* PANTO. FUND!

BOOKS of tickets are now being sent out for what is described as a "Grand Free Prize distribution scheme" in connection with a children's pantomime fund.

They are being issued by the Working Men's Benefit and Mutual Benefits Fund Association, of 22, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E.

* * *

At a first glance the cause seems deserving enough, but a closer inspection of the tickets prompts us to urge intending supporters to stay their hands.

A note in italics states that communications are to be addressed to Mr. C. Richards, at 3, Bricknell Place, Stockwell.

Now C. Richards is known to us as a charity collector, and earlier in the year we had occasion to comment upon his activities in the name of the Mutual Hospital Help Club.

* * *

He was at one time connected with a nationally known charity, but was forced to resign because of his unsatisfactory methods.

In these circumstances people who receive his latest pantomime draw tickets will know what to do with them.

# Are you a Sufferer from Asthma or Bronchitis?

**If so, don't waste time, but send for your FREE TRIAL of Potter's Asthma Cure and prove for yourself that it actually does give sweet and soothing relief and frees you from the awful difficulty of breathing**

However badly and however long you have suffered from Asthma, Bronchitis or other Chest or Lung Trouble, immediate relief will be yours when you use Potter's Asthma Cure. Why continue to struggle for breath and be almost suffocated when you can be easy, comfortable, free from discomfort and be enabled to carry on your usual occupation and recreations? Please note that Potter's Asthma Cure is perfectly safe and entirely free from opiates. Mr. E. C., Sawtrey, writes: "Potter's Asthma Cure has done me a world of good. I can go to bed and have a good night's rest without being propped up in bed."

**POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE**

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

**TO OUTDOOR WORKERS**

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

**POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET TO-DAY**

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

"John Bull." (PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)



# John Bull's Sensational Xmas Gift to you!

GIFT 1
One Shilling Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until December 31st, 1930.
1/-
GIFT 2

Cut out the Shilling Xmas Gift Voucher, attach it to Coupon below and post at once.

## Your last chance before Xmas

**What "John Bull" offers you Free!**

**(1) A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER** which will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 5 Lever Filler "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib tipped. **A 5 years' written guarantee** sent with each pen. Universally admitted to be worth 15/-.

**(2) A 24-CARAT GOLD-PLATED GILLETTE RAZOR** of the very latest pattern, "the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years." The blade, like the razor, is of an entirely new pattern, made of processed steel which resists rust. Packed in handsome and compact metal case.

**(3) A 3/6 "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL** of an entirely new design. Sturdy enough for a captain of industry and smart enough for a leader of Society. The lovely colours and the dazzling brilliance of the gold-plated mountings. Unscrew the case and you will find rubber and refills at your service. A gift that gives it the finishing touch.

Pen and Pencil are packed in an attractive presentation box. Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

GIFT 3

**"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT COUPON**

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 27, Floral St., London, W.C.2.

I enclose "JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT VOUCHER, value 1/-, which please accept in part payment of the famous 5/- "JOHN BULL" PEN. This also entitles me to the Free Presentation Razor Set and 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. I enclose Postal Order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra. Tube of Pencil Refills 3d.

Fine, medium, broad nib (cross out grades not required). Your name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

(6) Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 20/12/30



## "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."



# INDIGESTION!

*Recovery after 17 Years Suffering*

Pr. C. A. WARD, 12, Alton Place, Hunslet, Leeds, writes:

"From the age of 13 up to 30 years, I suffered from Indigestion and Biliousness and tried all kinds of so-called cures without effect, Hearing wonderful reports of VITADATIO, I thought I would try it. After taking one bottle, I could enjoy my food better, so kept on until I had used seventeen bottles, and found that I had got permanent relief. I can eat anything now and enjoy it. Before taking VITADATIO I dare not eat meat or sweets."

**Vitadatio**

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Ailments, and Women's Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle; or per post, 2d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from—

VITADATIO, Ltd. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V.121.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS



All persons exposed to cold weather should take

**KOMPO FOR COLDS**

**The Universal Remedy**

FOR

COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROATS, Etc.

*Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-.*

J. F. WHITE & Co., Chemists, LEEDS

*by* E. ROFFE THOMPSON

*The ticket queue at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, a place of ungrudging self-sacrifice and skill*

# Those TWELVE POIGNANT LETTERS

THERE lie on my desk as I write a round dozen of appeals for money from hospitals — hospitals of all kinds, children's hospitals, hospitals for the specialised treatment of various diseases, maternity hospitals, and hospitals which tell me that unless they raise many thousands of pounds in the next few months their work is going to be seriously curtailed.

They are pathetically desperate appeals, eloquent in their references to Christmas, tragic in their clamorous urgency.

And a few days ago there was a lot of talk about hospitals organising sweepstakes abroad, an anxious exploration of ways and means of dodging the Lottery Acts in order to raise a few extra thousands for the essential work of healing the sick.

## *Undignified*

I cannot help feeling there is something very undignified and humiliating about it all.

I do not think it reflects any great credit on us that a little time ago the superintendent of one of our great hospitals had to go to America to beg for £30,000, the sum needed to complete the £200,000 for which his hospital had been asking for more than a year in order to complete an urgently needed extension.

I have the utmost admiration for our hospitals. They have been built up by years of ungrudging self-sacrifice and miracles of skill, and they are supported by voluntary effort that is amazing in its unstinting generosity.

It is all the more pathetic to see the everlasting appeals for money they are forced to make.

And the serious side of it is that, through no fault of their own, they are unable to give the service they would like to give.

Their dependence on casual charity cripples them from morning till night.

## *Helpless hospitals*

Take the position of the London hospitals alone.

The Royal Waterloo Hospital for women and children has 137 beds. It could fill these beds twice over—and its waiting list is never less than a hundred.

At the General Lying-in Hospital in York Road there are always many more applicants than can be dealt with, and people often have to be turned away.

There is the famous St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It has over 700 beds. They are always full, always booked in advance, and there are always hundreds of people waiting for admission.

The waiting-list of Guy's Hospital never falls below 700; Charing Cross Hospital never has less than 200 waiting urgently for admission.

The hospitals are helpless in the face of a mass of suffering that crowds and overcrowds every available inch of space.

All this is bad enough; but a glance at any out-patients' department reveals a state of things that is even worse.

For the normal practice is to insist that all patients shall attend at the same time, and these sick people are often kept waiting about for the best part of the day under depressing conditions that do nothing to improve their case.

A friend of mine recently suffered a severe street accident. He was taken to a hospital to be treated—and it was two hours before anyone could find time to give him more than the most elementary first-aid.

All around him were other patients waiting for attention—mothers with fretful and ailing children, men and women whose nerves, already on edge, were rapidly giving way under the strain of the hours of waiting.

I have known dozens of similar cases, cases of people who have waited for several hours before either doctor or nurse could spare them a moment.

## *Not blameless*

It is not to be wondered at that so many people would almost suffer anything rather than visit a hospital.

Rightly or wrongly, there is a widespread impression that people cease to be human beings the moment they cross the threshold.

Part of the trouble is what I have already mentioned. Financial stringency leads to lack of proper accommodation and under-staffing.

But here I do not think the hospitals can altogether escape from blame. For it does seem to me that a little care in organising would obviate a lot of this trouble without any undue waste of the doctors' time.

I myself once had an experience that left a very uneasy impression on my mind. I was involved in a street accident that necessitated an immediate operation.

I was taken off to a hospital and, let me say at once, was treated instantly with all the skill at its command.

But afterwards—when I was recovering and I had to go twice a week for treatment—I began to wonder.

Was it that I was better attired than the poor people who were waiting on hard benches, hour after hour? Was it that I had to be accompanied by a nurse in uniform?

I don't know—but I never had to wait. As soon as I appeared a doctor and a nurse were at my disposal and the dressing was done instantly.

I make no accusation, but I think anyone seeing it might be pardoned for wondering a little uneasily why in an out-patients' department of a great hospital there should apparently be the usual snobbish respect paid to social distinction.

Perhaps I am wrong in what I have thought ever since. I hope so.

On the broad question, I know that doctors and nurses are only human. They cannot do impossibilities; but I cannot see why that is any reason for allowing this state of things to continue indefinitely.

## *National question*

A cursory glimpse at any hospital would convince even the most careless that, without casting the least reflection on the hospitals, there is urgent need for enquiry and reform.

Disease, illness, suffering—surely these are common levellers! Surely there is no justification for making health the birthright of riches?

Must we for ever close our eyes to the distressing fact that poverty is the least of the evils that it brings in its train?

As I say, I do not blame the hospitals over-much. They are doing what they can; but the time has come when we should recognise that the whole question of illness is a national question, and that its prevention and cure are too important to be left to the elasticity of private charity.

I am not going here into the question of whether hospitals should be taken over by the State.

But I am going to urge very strongly that, even within the existing system, there is something very badly wrong that should be put right.

A thorough-going enquiry into the whole hospital system by sympathetic and expert people would, at any rate, be of more use to the country than a solemn enquiry into when, if ever, an Englishman may have a glass of beer.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

## Mental Mussolinis

SOME people want to learn, some are willing to be taught—and some know everything. At least, they think they do. They resent any suggestion that there is anything they can learn from anyone. They are more to be pitied than blamed, for mental arrogance is a singularly unpleasant disease from which to suffer.

Such people ought to be made to take just one tiny peep at the stars. It would soon knock the conceit out of them. For, when you think of it, we're not so very important, and we don't know so very much. Let's imagine.

Imagine a train going at sixty miles an hour, on and on and on, never stopping day or night. It would take this train fifty years to reach Venus, more than seven hundred years to reach Jupiter, and nearly 1,500 years to reach Saturn; which is mere child's play to the fact that to reach the nearest of the so-called "fixed stars" *would take this train 35,000,000 years!*

Meaningless figures? Exactly. That is the point. An arrogant mental Mussolini may know a good deal about growing potatoes or ruling Parliament—but he knows nothing whatever of the meaning of "35,000,000 years."

We would all do better to realise that, if we do what we can, learn what we can, and be what we are—and do it all to the best of our ability—we are not doing so badly.

# THAT LAST-MINUTE GIFT

## Send De Reszke Cigarettes ready packed for posting

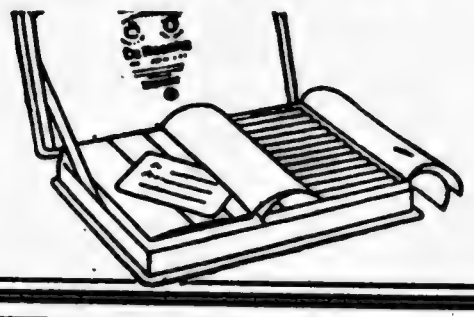
**There's still time to send that nearly forgotten gift. It's waiting for you at your tobacconist's, ready packed for posting. An elegant white-and-green-and-gold tin of De Reszke Virginias packed and sealed in a stout cardboard container. All you have to do is to fill in the name and address spaces on the packet and drop it in the letter-box. What could be simpler?**

# DE RESZKE

## *Virginias*

***'Ivory'-tipped or Plain***

*De Reszke Virginias, the "Aristocrat of Cigarettes." Packed ready for the post: In Tins: 50 for 2/6; 100 for 5/-.*



*Also in elegant Card Cabinets, as illustrated (greetings card enclosed) 200 for 10/-. Decorated tins 150 for 7/6.*

# A WICKED OLD Jack-in-the-BOX

**Without Fear or Favour**

*A Bogey-Man Toy that Nobody Wants*

ONCE again the question of the Sunday opening of kinemas is being widely discussed.

On the one hand, we have the High Court ruling that Sunday kinema shows are illegal in London; on the other, we have the Entertainments Protection Association drafting a new Bill to provide for the Sunday opening of all places of amusement.

Judges are still bound by the Sunday Observance Act of 1781; those who would change the law base their claims on the fact that the opening of kinemas "has been sanctioned by public usage."

They also point out the anomaly whereby kinemas have been permitted to throw open their doors on the Sabbath while theatres have been compelled to remain closed.

It is good that this Bill is coming before Parliament, for there are many aspects of the question which clamour for attention.

You cannot get behind the High Court judgment. The opening of kinemas on Sundays is a breach of the law as laid down in the Act of 1781.

In passing, it should be said that there were no motor-cars, aeroplanes, wireless, kinemas or women with votes in 1781. The world moves. . . .

## A *naughty wink*

NOW, if the law of 1781 is going to be enforced, almost anything may happen.

It will create a precedent, and precedents, as has so often been observed, are dangerous things.

If the idea is carried to a logical conclusion, we must be prepared to consider the possibility of all old laws being strictly enforced.

After all, it is only fair. Why demand strict observance of one rule and wink the eye at all others?

And there are far older bans to be found still on the Statute Book, which any official stickler for precision might quite legitimately enforce if he so desired.

Then it would not be only the kinema patrons and proprietors who would begin to burn with indignation.

Take, for instance, an Act passed in 1625 by Charles I. It still stands. It is still the law of the land; and, we fear, is being repeatedly broken throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

It prohibits all and any "meetings, assemblies or concourse of people out of their own parishes on the Lord's Day for any sports or pastimes whatever."

Nor is that all. A further Act, passed in 1627, forbids "carriers, waggonmen, carmen, wainmen and drovers" to travel on a Sunday.

Those who disregard this ancient law, of which they may never have heard, are rendering themselves liable to a 20s. fine for each offence. For ignorance is no excuse in law.

And that law is still very much alive if any ingenious or awkward person wishes to turn to it.

Indeed, it occurs to us that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wished, he could derive an immense revenue without troubling to devise new means of taxation. All that would be necessary would be to enforce some of these musty old laws; fines would come pouring in.

An Act introduced by Charles II. in 1677 prohibits all worldly labour on the Sabbath. Although the penalty is fixed at only 5s., think of the number of potential 5s. fines lost to the Revenue every Sunday at the present time.

Nor is it only those who labour who are liable to penalties under this Act. Customers who purchase goods from a tradesman on a Sunday, knowing the tradesman to be pursuing his "ordinary calling," can be convicted of aiding and abetting him.

It must not be thought that we are being in any way extravagant in reminding readers of these old laws.

As recently as 1918 an amusement-caterer on whose premises persons played "houp-la" and other games was held to be a tradesman under the Act of 1677.

So there it is. If we take the trouble to delve a little further into these old Acts we make the disquieting discovery that we are nearly all offenders in some respect.

The penalties imposed are very considerable, too. Caterers and others who control restaurants are liable to forfeit £200 for every day they keep open if, on a Sunday, they charge higher prices than obtain during weekdays.

This same Act forbids the advertising of any public entertainment or amusement, or any public meeting for debating any subject whatever on the Lord's Day to which the public is admitted on payment. The penalty in this case is £50.

So down go all the hoardings and the Sunday papers if the authorities care to take action. Is it not ridiculous?

## *The hoop terrorists!*

IT would be possible to add numerous other offences which are illegal.

Butchers must not kill or sell any victuals on the Sabbath; cattle must not be driven through London; children must not roll hoops along the footways; milkmen must not utter any cries or sell milk before 9 a.m. or after 4 p.m.

So when you take in the milk next Sunday morning you will know that it would not have been there if the law had not been broken.

Going back to Henry VI., we find that it is illegal to exhibit any goods or merchandise for sale on a Good Friday, though an exception is made in the case of "ordinary" victuals.

It is clearly absurd that these old laws should not only encumber the Statute Book, *but that they should be capable of being enforced at any moment.*

Even so, we have by no means reached the limit of absurdity in the examples we have quoted.

Will it be believed that laws forbidding bear-baiting, bull-baiting and lion-baiting are still in force?

It has been suggested by eminent authorities that every new law, brought into force should automatically cancel an appropriate old one.

## *Dora's wicked sisters*

SOME such system would certainly have the effect of cleaning up the Statute Book.

There are numerous Acts which should have been repealed long ago; and now that the question of Sunday observance has arisen in respect of the kinemas, let Parliament make a clean sweep and brush away all the cobwebs.

And while they are about it, why not tackle "Dora"?

The absurdities that must be laid at this good lady's door are legion, and many of them are already well known to the public.

If you are dining in a restaurant, you must not order a second cigar until you have finished smoking the first; if you wish to buy a pork-pie after 8 p.m., the shopkeeper is liable to get into trouble unless he heats it for you!

Though there are many fruits your greengrocer can sell you after 8 p.m., he must deny you apples and bananas!

A chemist may sell you a camel-hair brush after 8 p.m., but not a toothbrush.

Even when their electric power failed, the inhabitants of Hampstead could not obtain candles as reserve lighting because the breakdown had inconsiderately timed itself to occur after 8 p.m.

We do not, of course, advocate the abolishment of the more enlightened restrictions which are designed to safeguard shopworkers, by limiting their hours and by preventing sweating. But at the moment there are too many regulations in force that are chaotic and ludicrous.

Obviously, the only sane course is to end all such absurdities and anomalies. Then we shall know where we are.

# The Greatest Champion of the Under-dog

IT was Christmas Eve, cold, starless, but mercifully dry under foot. Big Ben tolled the passing of another hour, and the wretches on the Embankment seats shivered and huddled closer.

The ghost of Charles Dickens shivered, too, for he was standing by the Hungerford Bridge, on the identical spot once occupied by Murdstone and Grinby's blacking-factory where he had worked as a boy.

Sixty years after his death Dickens had come to revisit the old haunts. Like the Spirit of Christmas in his own wonderful story, he was moving swiftly from place to place, rejoicing one minute, growing angry the next, at the many things he had heard and seen.

There were memories everywhere.

He had wandered down City Road where Wilkins Micawber used to stride so jauntily a century ago.

He paused outside the Metropolitan Police Office where Fang had bullied Mr. Brownlow so abominably.

## Some Hell-holes have Gone!

He glanced at Bow Street Police Court where the Artful Dodger had been tried in the dock; at Covent Garden where Job Trotter had slept in a vegetable-basket, and where David Copperfield had bought his first bouquet for Dora Spenlow.

Now he was gazing at the offices of the Prudential Assurance Company, occupying the site of the old "Furnival's Inn," where he had lived before his marriage.

A little later he came to a standstill before the Memorial Hall, for the loathsome Fleet Prison stood here during his lifetime.

"Thank God!" murmured the ghost of Dickens fervently. "It is gone." He went in quest of Newgate, but that, too, had vanished, and the Sessions House stood in its place.

"What about the Marshalsea?" he mused, and hastened toward the Borough.

St. George's Church where Little Dorrit had been married was there as of old; but the prison had disappeared, and there was nothing left of it save a tablet on a churchyard wall.

The Spirit of Dickens exulted with triumph and gratitude. He had attacked those three prisons and they had all gone!

He returned to Snow Hill to take a peep at the "Saracen's Head," where Squeers had interviewed Nicholas Nickleby and collected his "young gentlemen" for transportation to Yorkshire.

The "Saracen's Head" had gone; Squeers was dead and buried; Dotheboys Hall was wiped out of existence! For a few moments the Spirit of Dickens rejoiced—and then he wondered.

Had Squeers left no descendants to carry on his detestable traffic? Was the entire brood of brutal schoolmasters exterminated? Or were some of them left, concealed in unsuspected places?

A sickly fear took possession of him.

In Leicester Square he saw the headquarters of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The very name was ominous and struck a chill through his heart.

Dickens had always loved the children and waged an implacable war on all their enemies.

He had trounced the ogres and ogresses that took a fiendish pleasure in tormenting the young—Squeers, Creakle, Gradgrind, Bumble, Fang, Sally Brass, Mrs. Gargery, Mrs. Pipchin, Mrs. Mann, and hundreds more.

## Little Victims of the Brutes

He recalled the terrible sufferings of children in the nineteenth century—Smike, Jo, Pip, Paul Dombey, Traddles, David Copperfield, and the swarms of helpless infants with Oliver Twist in the workhouse.

These helpless ones were thrashed without mercy by schoolmasters and ushers. They were bullied by brutes like Murdstone and Sikes. They were kicked and cuffed and starved by employers who took a diabolical delight in "giving them hell."

The ghost of Dickens watched the children of our day. They were better fed, better clothed, freer, healthier, and—best of all—happier.

"Tell me," he said to a policeman, "I have been away from London for many years, and I am wondering where the ragamuffins have gone. Are there none left?"

"Ragamuffins!" said the policeman, "there are plenty of them if you know where to look for 'em."

"But there is still terrible poverty—I saw scores of miserable, half-starved creatures on the Embankment. What about the poor children?"

"There's a lot more done for children nowadays, sir," was the answer. "There's the Waifs and Strays, Dr. Barnardo's, Salvation Army Homes, and thousands are in workhouses."

"I wonder whether children are systematically trained to pick pockets? In my day . . ."

"I don't suppose all the Fagins are hanged, by any means, but we are up against another problem—children are being taught to beg. Cadging is badly on the increase."

"And if they get caught?"

"Pack 'em off to an industrial school."

"Ah!"

The ghost of Dickens was perturbed. He drifted about the meaner streets of London, grew melancholy when he saw the overcrowding in the old slums, heard the whining voices of beggars of both sexes and all ages.

There were so many ex-Service men—there must have been a ghastly war not long ago—and thousands of the survivors were selling matches or singing for pennies in the streets.

The shops were all gaily decorated and brilliantly lighted. There were "Father Christmases" walking along the pavements outside.

Dickens had always fought for "Christmas" as a great human festival, and he was glad to find that the old custom was kept alive with old-time enthusiasm.

In the West End, though, he had had misgivings. People had left their homes to dine in restaurants and hotels.

They were dancing queer dances, flinging paper streamers

## "Dickens Returns a Chr

"Dickens is dead!" Bene
London seemed shivering i
Strangers took up the tale
"Dickens is dead!" said th
Children stopped their gam
But some new light seemed
A girl in rags, staying her
"Dickens dead? Will Fath

City he loved, take courage
He loves thee still in all th
Though he—whose smile m
Though he—whose voice, u
Made laughter bubble throu
Dickens returns on Christm

THE

Christmas Day"

hat grievous cry
e summer heat;
friends that meet:
nd hurried by.
hey knew not why,
kening down the street.
worn feet, cried,
Christmas die?"

thy way;
s and fears.
bright thine eyes of grey;
g thy burthened years,
thy sea of tears—is gone,
Day.

ORE WATTS-DUNTON.

about, playing with gorgeously coloured balloons, drinking cocktails, smoking cigarettes—girls as well as men.

The enthusiasm did not seem genuine. It seemed manufactured and artificial. There was none of that spirit which pervaded Bob Cratchit's home and the party of Scrooge's nephew.

There was nothing spontaneous; it was a "synthetic" happiness—a substitute for the real thing.

The ghost of Dickens was reassured again when he went into the poorer areas east of Aldgate and north of Bloomsbury.

There were evidences of distressing poverty, everywhere, but the poor folks still had the same genius for being cheerful in the midst of misery.

# If CHARLES DICKENS Came Back

The spirit of the old-fashioned Christmas—good will and good cheer—he found in the poor man's home.

He found it also in the suburbs where "Dad" was returning home "broke to the wide," but with a present for everybody.

The ghost of Dickens was faintly amused by the "domestic workers" he saw in the suburbs. They were so competent, so self-confident, so smart!

Those poor little drabs who used to work from six in the morning until eleven at night, bullied the whole time by tyrannical mistresses, fed on the scraps left by the family, dressed in their cast-off garments—they had gone!

He thought about the half-starved, ignorant little slave who was called "The Marchioness."

She had lived in a state of perpetual intimidation, and there were thousands of her in every town and city.

## The Girl who Ran Away

In his lifetime, Dickens had fought for her as a knight-errant fought to rescue a captured princess. She was now free, transformed, as Cinderella was transformed by the magic of a fairy godmother's wand.

He could only rejoice and murmur a devout "Thank God!"

Yet a short time afterwards he had another shock and grew passionately angry. He had encountered a distracted girl with panic-stricken eyes who tried her hardest to evade him.

"Don't be afraid of me, little girl," said the Spirit kindly. "I shall not harm you."

The girl recovered from her alarm: the tone of the man's voice was friendly.

"You are afraid," said the Spirit. "I wonder why?"

"I've run away!" gasped the girl.

"From a cruel home? From an unkind mistress? Tell me why you ran away."

The girl hesitated, stammered, paused, and then the long story came out in a torrent of childish indignation.

She had broken the law when she was ten—had stolen apples from a greengrocer's cart—and had been sent to an institution.

From there she had passed into the merciless clutches of the Asylums Board of Control, certified a mental defective, and had not seen any member of her family for years.

It was Christmas, and every child wants to see her mother at Christmas!

There was no chance of getting leave—she might have stayed in the institution, doing heavy housework without wages, till she was thirty.

"I ain't barmy," she declared. "Lots of 'em ain't, but get away from there? Never! If I gets copped I'm done for the rest of me natural life."

The Spirit of Dickens listened to the broken story. He saw no reason to doubt its truthfulness. He found himself waxing more and more indignant.

If only he could take up his pen once more! If only he could once more do battle for the rights and wrongs of the helpless!

This Board of Control sounded sinister indeed. He began to suspect that the modern Squeers and Bumble carried on their ancient business with the connivance of the law and out of sight of the general public.

The ghost of Dickens was enraged. Was there no one to defend these children? Was there no man or woman who would smash the tyranny—or die in the attempt?

He went wandering up the Caledonian Road towards Highgate, where he had lived when a small boy. It was not strange to Dickens to see the crowds of poor folk in all the side-streets. Time after time he paused to watch and listen.

The poor man may be foolish and improvident, but he is not usually a scoundrel. At the back of his brain or at the bottom of his heart he has a peculiar notion that life was meant to be enjoyed.

## Very Wicked Poor People!

A peculiar notion? Nevertheless it persists, although there are hundreds of people trying their hardest to undeceive him.

There are the members of the tribes of Stiggins and Chadband who are everlastingly scolding the poor man. They want to rob him of his glass of beer—mainly because he enjoys it.

They say it is wicked for poor folks to go to the pictures, though many of the poor folks would go without a supper to have an evening at the "movies."

There are hundreds of Podsnaps, Barnacles, and Stiltwalkers holding office, obstructing, interfering, meddling with the affairs of the "lower orders."

The gentleman in the white waistcoat who was so positive that Oliver Twist would be hanged is still with us.

He is the head of an army of officials who are busy overgoverning the poor, lecturing, hectoring, inspecting, cross-examining, and humiliating the very people they are paid to help.

## Peeping Tom is Still Here

Alderman Cute and the notorious Mr. Filer may be dead, but their great-grandchildren are alive and kicking—kicking those who dare not kick back.

There is a type of individual who can only express himself—or herself—by interfering. Born busybodies and fussers, Peeping Toms and Paul Prys, Nosy Parkers and Mrs. Grundys.

They live in a state of constant horror, write indignant letters to the papers about the sinful extravagance of the working classes.

Some of them get into Parliament and sympathise with Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle; others serve on the county and borough councils; others prefer the church, where they can denounce without fear of hecklers.

The ghost of Charles Dickens had good reason to rejoice, not because his battles were all won, but because they are still continuing. It is a tedious and exacting guerilla war which must go on and on.

There is no Dickens to-day. We are grateful for the work of men like Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Wells, and many more writers who attack injustice and are not afraid to expose spiritual wickedness in high places.

But there is no novelist of our day who has won the ear of all classes as Dickens did more than four-score years ago.

Lovers of the great reformer pay pious visits to museums to do homage to his memory; but the spirit of Dickens is not to be found there.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The ghost of Dickens may be felt wherever there is human misery to be comforted, a wrong to be righted, a broken heart to be healed, and the tears of childhood to be wiped away.

Give him a 'Blackbird'

The "Blackbird" is not a toy but a real pen. Strongly made to give hard service under exacting conditions. Well finished and fitted with a 14-ct. gold nib, it is wonderful value and just the pen to help the boy and girl through their studies.

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# Milady's National Dress Bill

WOMEN in Britain are earning more money than ever before, and naturally they are spending a great deal more on dress.

It is their own affair, but the Government intends to make it *its* affair as well.

JOHN BULL is able to announce that there is a move to make a census of the vast dress industry. Whether the object is taxation is not revealed.

Maybe, when the reckoning comes, it will be set down on the good side of industrial and social progress.

But milady's dress-bill is a very considerable matter meantime—a matter of national as well as feminine interest.

The leaders of dressmaking, interviewed by a JOHN BULL representative, declared jubilantly that the money spent annually on women's dress in Britain would soon reach the £100,000,000 mark.

## *Dame Fashion's allowance*

The figures we give are not complete, but they are approximately correct:

| | *Wholesale selling value.* |
|---|---|
| Women's and girls' garments of woven fabrics (costumes, dresses, coats and skirts, and the like) | £17,763,000 |
| Blouses and the like | 2,066,000 |
| Mantles and cloaks | 1,847,000 |
| Women's and girls' clothing (not separately distinguished) | 11,324,000 |
| Corsets and stays | 3,241,000 |
| Other undergarments, but not stockings | 3,831,000 |
| Aprons and overalls | 4,936,000 |
| Millinery (ladies' fancy hats and straw hats) | 7,000,000 |
| Silk trade's separate contribution | 2,500,000 |
| Annual total | £54,413,000 |
| Add 50 per cent. retail prices—total per year | £81,619,500 |

All this does not include stockings and shoes, those two most important parts of women's war panoply.

If she wears short skirts she must have good stockings and shoes, though the rest of her armour may be very cheap, though modish.

Other figures not included in the ascertained total are estimated by those who understand the trade, to be nearly £100,000,000 a year.

Is it so vast a sum? There are fifteen millions of women and girls over the age of fifteen, and they spend about £7 a year on clothes in the average. One may spend a pound and another £2,000.

Not so very long ago only women "in Society" or the wives of well-to-do merchants counted a dozen dresses in their wardrobes and two or three sets of furs.

## *The husband says—*

To-day nearly every woman has at least two with which to change, and some sort of furs.

A few years before the war northern folk talked of their Sunday best. Who ever hears the words now?

To-day the mill-worker and the shop girl and the City typist are as style-conscious as any titled resident of Mayfair. The clogs and shawls of Lancashire have disappeared.

There's not a village without its pretty and fashionable girls. Good taste, once the possession of the classes, is now the heritage of the masses.

Twenty years ago the dominating factor in woman's dress was quality. To-day it is style. The call for colour and softness in manufacturing milady's dress has long taken the place of price-competition.

A remarkable improvement has taken place in the dress-sense and colour-consciousness of the mass-consumers of materials.

Whereas once the creative artist and designer was known only to the exclusive West End of London "dress box," almost every big manufacturer of dress and many retail houses have their own designers and adapters to-day.

Who are the mysterious beings who hold the strings of the hundred-million purse?

Who is it decides that a skirt shall be 6 in. longer or shorter one year than it was three years ago, or may be three years hence? For it takes about three years for a fashion to become popular among the generality of women.

Dame Fashion is a number of personages, and all mysterious. Not one of them can tell you how it is precisely that changes in fashion are brought about.

The business man says it is due to periodicity. The artist declares it is natural phenomena. The husband says it's a d—d nuisance.

The fact is that it is Woman herself who is the real cause of all this "infinite variety" in herself and her dress.

It is her nature and her moods that demand constant change.

And at her beck and call, if she is rich enough, sits the creative dressmaker, looking into the future, "seasons" ahead.

Then there are the director and the technician and the manufacturer, and 200,000 employees and more asking "What are we going to have next to pay out wages?": which vary from £10,000 a year to a few pounds a week.

The most successful results in the dress industry to-day are obtained by the practical mind of the technician being harmonised with the dreamy mind of the artist.

A single model may cost £50 or £150 to "materialise."

It is then the work of the commercial man to spread the cost of production over as many copies of the original as will cover the cost of the combined efforts of all concerned.

The war period caused women to shorten their dresses and their sleeves. Many of them were called upon to do a man's job—and did it.

After the war some of them were bent on continuing the shortening process.

## *Why it's long*

Then came the Ascot of 1927, when a rich Englishwoman from India appeared in a gown 6 in. from the ground in front and cascading down to her heels in lovely shades of flowered petunia, with a large picture-hat and parasol to match.

That dress, which milady had had specially designed "regardless of cost," caused a furore.

Afterwards the "creator" persuaded a well-known producer of "The Girl Friend" to put a chorus of his girls in frocks of similar design, colour and beauty, and the fashion rapidly spread.

What next? — and will the £100,000,000 figure lengthen as the dress grows longer?

*Two figure-heads in the world of female fashion: "Isobel," famed dress artist, earns thousands by her original designs. Behind her, Mr. E. H. Symonds, who reintroduced the "cascading" long skirt at Ascot, 1927*

# THE Hundred-Million FIG-LEAF

MONEY TO SPEND
—A nest egg—and a big hamper crammed with good things!
See page 32

# The MAN whom— MURDERERS DREAD

*"In private life he is a genial, lively companion, with a sprightly daughter who aspires to Hollywood fame"*

THERE is seldom a murder charge, whether involving the use of poison or physical violence, in which the Crown does not avail itself of the expert evidence of Sir Bernard Spilsbury. Somehow his personality seems to dominate the world of crime.

Yet the general public knows little or nothing of his real character, for he shuns publicity like the plague, hates interviewers, and if ever he took to murder himself would begin with newspaper men.

Seeing him in the witness-box at an important trial, one is at once struck with his fresh and youthful appearance. Although he has passed his fiftieth birthday, he has still rather the look of an apple-cheeked schoolboy.

No one would ever imagine that his chief business in life was to conduct post-mortem examinations, to peer at gruesome human remains, to probe the circumstances of violent and horrid deaths.

## *Not revolting*

For it is, of course, as Senior Pathologist to the Home Office that Sir Bernard Spilsbury figures constantly in the Law Courts.

As soon as murder is suspected, unless the truth is too obvious to require investigation, he is sent for by Scotland Yard to examine the body, to place at the disposal of the police his wonderful knowledge of anatomy and physiology which has won him the highest honours in the medical world.

His methods are devastatingly thorough, no detail escaping his vigilant eye.

To the layman his laboratory in Gray's Inn, London, may be a chamber of horrors; to the doctor and the scientist it is a place of wonder and delight.

Here are microscopes which will magnify a thousand-fold, scalpels which will dissect the tiniest fragment of tissue, chemical reagents whose action may reveal the presence of poison as plainly as the pictures on the kinema-screen.

Not that the great pathologist's workshop in the least resembles a mortuary, or even a hospital dissecting-room. Rather it is like the research department used by students of biology.

Such portions of human anatomy as are reserved for detailed examination are contained in glass jars, neatly labelled, and to the untrained observer looking like almost anything except the bodily organs they really are.

It is not too much to say that in Sir Bernard Spilsbury's laboratory many a murderer has been tried and condemned.

Frequently it has happened that, once his investigations have been completed, the proceedings in court are purely formal, marching inevitably to a foregone conclusion.

It was here that a microscopic examination established the identity of Mrs. Crippen, for whose murder her husband was sentenced and hanged.

## *Bloodhound*

Here, too, Sir Bernard vainly examined the neck of Elsie Cameron for the marks of a rope which might prove she had met her death through hanging herself instead of at the hands of her lover, Norman Thorne.

Once engaged upon a murder investigation, Sir Bernard Spilsbury is an untiring and restless worker. Meals, sleep, social engagements go utterly by the board.

Far into the night he will work upon tests which, if they prove his theory, will send a murderer to the scaffold.

# *Our Keenest Crime Detective*

The fact that the "material" upon which he is working was not long ago a living creature is neither here nor there. To the man of science, the heart which lately flamed with passion, throbbed with jealousy, burned with love or hate, is now "Exhibit No. 1."

The late Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, who had had many opportunities of measuring his man—being, indeed, the only barrister who ever effectually cross-examined him—described Bernard Spilsbury as "a dispassionate intelligence."

The definition was apt and not unflattering.

When Sir Bernard, after hours or days of patient searching, holds in his hands the evidence which will in all likelihood convict a murderer, the satisfaction he feels is simply that of the scientist who, with relentless zeal, has pursued and overtaken the truth.

## *Fireside man*

What sort of man, then, is he in private life?

Well, to begin with, there is a shyness about him which to strangers may convey the impression of aloof superiority, but among those who know him well he is a genial, lively companion, good-humoured, and with an ample sense of fun.

Mercifully, he never talks "shop," but get him started upon any other subject, except politics—in which he has no shadow of interest—and he betrays a breadth of knowledge surprising in a man so deeply immersed in professional labours.

For garish social functions he has no manner of use, but at a dinner-party of intimate friends he easily unbends, and is often the life and soul of the company.

At home he has a sprightly daughter, Evelyn, who aspires to Hollywood fame It is said that he is among the most domesticated of husbands and fathers.

In the witness-box, however, Sir Bernard is another man, his jaw sternly set, no vestige of a smile to be seen.

The greatest duel of his life was with Sir Edward Marshall-Hall in the notorious "Brides in the Bath" case, during which the great advocate suggested that without the use of considerable force it would be practically impossible to hold a woman under the water long enough to stop her breathing.

But Sir Bernard, who lectures at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, had experimented beforehand with nurses in bathing-costumes, discovering that it was only too easy, by suddenly jerking up the feet, to cause asphyxiation by the rush of water through the mouth and nose.

## *Help!*

When Bernard Spilsbury goes into the witness-box his evidence is fitted together with the perfection of a jig-saw puzzle.

Judges and juries seem to regard his testimony as almost infallible, which is perhaps in some ways a dangerous thing.

It is hinted that one day Sir Bernard will relinquish his practice as a medical expert, qualify as a barrister, and practise as a criminal lawyer.

If so, one pities the doctors whom he will cross-examine. It is doubtful, however, if he has any such plans.

In his present position he is a national, almost a legendary, figure, the living counterpart not quite of Sherlock Holmes, but rather of Dr. Thorndike, the medical lawyer in Austin Freeman's detective novels.

The embodiment of Nemesis, he seems. While he lives, Britain is dangerous for murderers.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, he is affectionately known as "Spills," and still more familiarly as "Bunny." The students like him immensely, which says a lot.

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5752 With my Guitar and You — Singing a Song to the Stars — *Sung by* LEWIS JAMES
5756 I'd like to find the guy that wrote the Stein Song — *Fox-trot with Vocal Refrain* — I don't mind walking in the rain — *Fox-trot* — *Played by* THE RHYTHMIC EIGHT
5758 That's where the South begins — *Fox-trot with Vocal Refrain* — Little White Lies — *Fox-trot with Vocal Refrain* — *Played by* THE ORPHEUS DANCE BAND
5766 Go home and tell your Mother — *Fox-trot with Vocal Refrain* — Sing — *Fox-trot with Vocal Refrain* — *Played by* THE ORPHEUS DANCE BAND

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# Wanted—MORE PUNCH in the PULPIT

*"Units on all the broad issues . . ."—The Rev. F. W. Norwood, Congregationalist Chairman*

THE Nonconformist Churches are very ill indeed. The leaders are gravely concerned and call for desperate remedies, but they cannot agree among themselves as to what is wrong.

The Primitive Methodists lost 9,653 scholars from their Sunday-schools last year, and over 100,000 in twenty-two years.

The Wesleyans lost over 143,000 scholars in the same period.

The dwindling of congregations is notorious. The urban churches suffered first, but judging by the report in the Congregational Year-Book (1930), the countryside is rapidly following suit.

Add to this the decrease in the numbers of young men entering the ministry, the corresponding decline in the numbers of the local preachers, the more and more frantic appeals for financial help, and the symptoms are unmistakable.

What are the reasons for this slump?

The ministers blame cheap motors, kinemas, dance-halls, tennis, wireless, modern fiction, and the inordinate love of pleasure.

IF people wanted to go to church or chapel they would go fast enough in spite of all the counter-attractions. They will stand in a queue through snowstorms to see a football-match or a popular play.

There are three reasons why Nonconformity is suffering worse than the Church of England:

In the first place, the Anglican Church is endowed to the tune of between three and four millions a year.

But a Nonconformist Church which depends entirely upon the voluntary contributions of its members stands face to face with bankruptcy.

The vast majority of chapels are loaded down with debt, and every minister becomes a professional beggar. He hates it; but what else can the poor man do?

In the second place, the Nonconformists have always given prime importance to the sermon, and have made it the keystone of every service.

The minister may be a saint and a scholar, but if he is not powerful in the pulpit his congregation quickly fades away.

The Church of England has never depended so completely upon the quality of its preaching.

Worshippers find spiritual satisfaction in the liturgy, the majesty of the English Prayer-book, the Gothic architecture, the stained-glass windows, the bells, the vestments, the choristers, sometimes the fragrance of incense.

Oratory has ceased to appeal to the modern spirit. There are no Burkes or Gladstones in Parliament, no Spurgeons or Parkers in the churches.

The old-time preacher had a great advantage in his theology.

He could let himself go and denounce the personal devil and all his works; but a modern sermon on the beauty of unselfishness does not give the same scope to a fighting orator.

The men and women of to-day are not moved by melodramatic descriptions of the Day of Judgment, the terrors of damnation, and frantic appeals to "flee from the wrath to come."

They are not impressed by the drastic alternatives of a billion years of paradise and a billion years of hell-fire.

The preacher has been robbed of his thunder. It is more difficult to compose a stirring sermon now than a century ago.

In the third place, Nonconformity is at a disadvantage because it has always made its strongest appeal to a class of people who are less tied to tradition than other classes. They have always been potential rebels.

They claim the right of private judgment, and never allow themselves to be driven like sheep.

They were the first people to grow restive under the old theology, and it was in the very stronghold of Nonconformity, the City Temple, London, that the Rev. R. J. Campbell startled the world with his New Theology.

The Nonconformists were groping for a religion that could be squared with the discoveries of science.

They began to doubt the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and they threw overboard their dogma which regarded salvation as a sort of insurance against fire in the world hereafter.

The congregation led the way, and the parsons somewhat reluctantly followed after.

A similar thing is happening in the present century. The Nonconformists are staying away from church because the ministers are behind the times. They will return when the preachers scrap the older ideas.

THE congregations have been driven to the conclusion that the Christian religion must be expressed in social reform.

They believe that Christianity must attack the root-causes of human misery, and that it is useless to sing hymns and offer pious prayers when the social system houses men in slums and drives women to the streets.

They do not want to sing about a heaven above the bright blue sky; they want to get to work to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Many of the younger Nonconformists have turned their efforts to municipal and practical reform work.

Parsons who denounce certain kinds of dancing, card-playing, novel-reading and theatre-going are almost extinct, but they are still unduly perturbed about Sunday tennis, horse-racing and the glass of beer.

A man can avoid all these evils and be an absolute demon to his employees and in his home. He can do all these "naughty" things and still remain a fine man both in public and private life.

The Nonconformists are as earnest as ever, but they do not find their religion in the Church. If the parsons would only waken up and see that the young people are not going to the devil for all they are worth, there might be a chance for organised Nonconformity.

In the meantime, a little pruning would be a sound policy.

Why should three churches—each a quarter full—exist within a stone's throw of one another?

Could not they combine to make one good congregation with a live minister?

Three of the Methodist Churches amalgamated a few years ago. The Wesleyans are more ready for reunion than they were in 1920.

There are no serious differences in the creeds of the Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Primitives, and the rest of them.

If they would drop their little disputes about Church government and unite on all the broad issues it might be their salvation.

*"The Wesleyans lost [illegible] scholars . . ."—The Rev. H. B. Workman, President of the Wesleyan Methodists*

**JOHN BULL prints this article in the public interest. It is written by a Nonconformist whose keenest desire is to spur the Churches on in the direction of meeting the needs of this post-war generation.**

THE HON.

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P. 691

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Father's had a brain-wave this Christmas. He's bought the family an Underwood Portable. He couldn't have done better. Everyone's delighted—all of them can type their letters now. Mother can type her invitations to bridge parties, and Betty her work for the girl's club; George can use the Underwood for his stories, and Bob for his homework. But between ourselves, Father himself will use the Underwood Portable more than anybody else! It's a sure thing he had that in mind when he bought it! The Underwood Portable is light of touch, silent at work, has a clear beautiful type and is easy to manipulate. Send us the coupon below and we will arrange a free trial at your home.

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(House of Parliament)

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*Don't forget to order it for the Christmas Season—only be sure it's H.P.*

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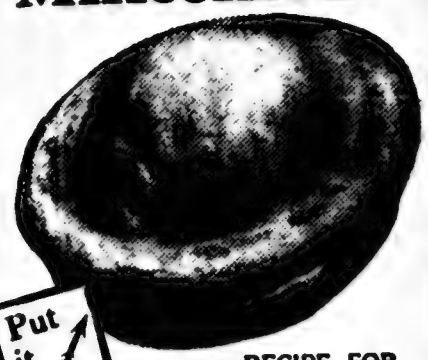

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RECIPE FOR . . . MINCE PIES

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2. Make into stiff paste with cold water.
3. Roll half of paste very thin. Line patty tins.
4. Put one tablespoonful of ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT in each patty tin.
5. Roll out and cut remaining pastry, and place on top.
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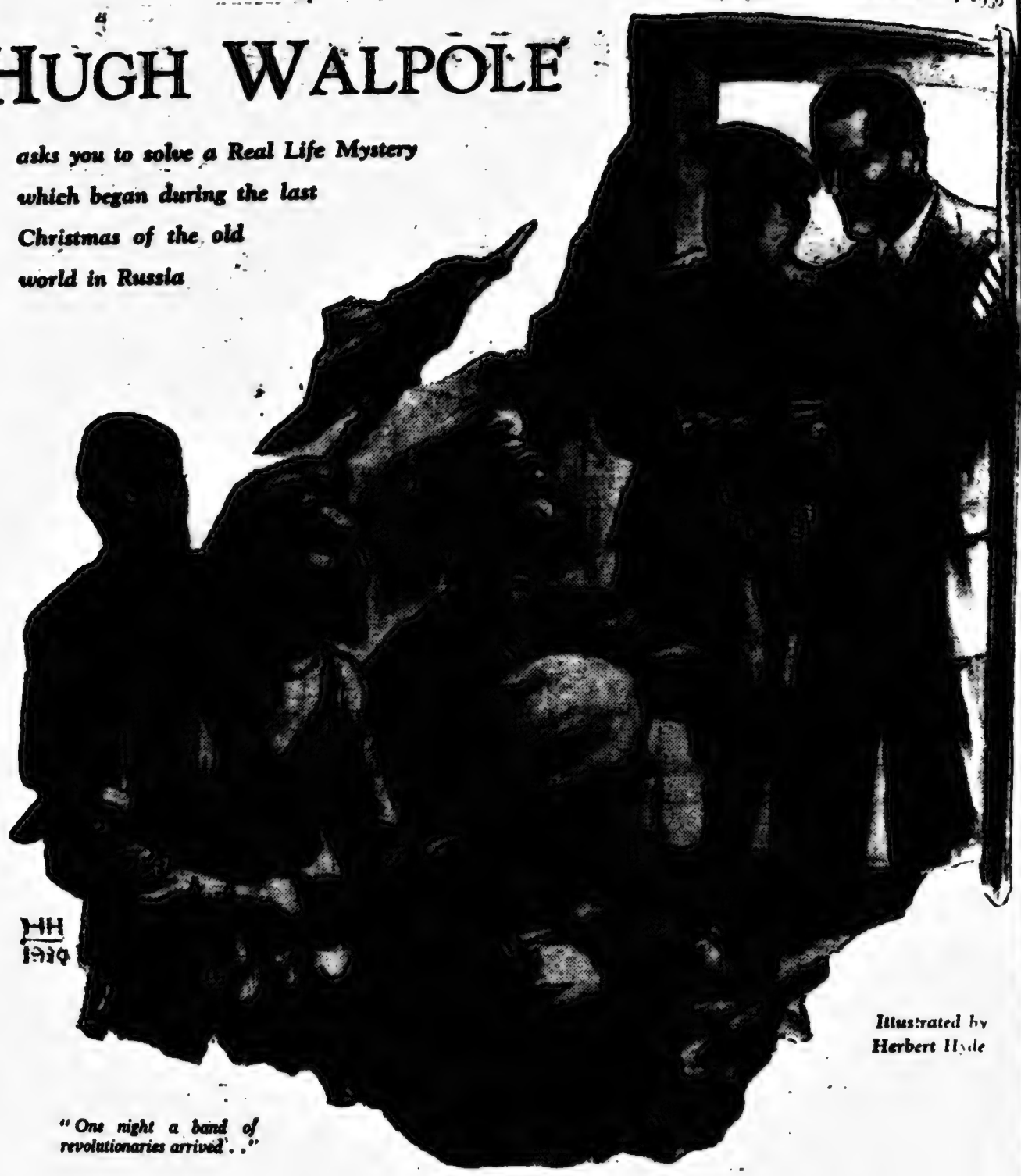
# HUGH WALPOLE

*asks you to solve a Real Life Mystery which began during the last Christmas of the old world in Russia*



*Illustrated by Herbert Hyde*

*"One night a band of revolutionaries arrived' . ."*

# Stepan Ivanovitch

IN spite of the torrent of war literature and one's own still active memories, the whole of the period of one's war life has the colour and shape of an impossible fiction.

But Stepan Ivanovitch, oddly enough, remains more real to me than anyone else encountered by me during the whole war period.

Some of them are still real enough—Sir George Buchanan, his bowler hat cocked on one side, walking jauntily across the Champ de Mars while the rifles of the March revolution spat bullets at his feet.

Adorable Karsavina, a lovely woman, so faithful and kind and humorous that you cannot believe that she is a great artist (and yet she is as great an artist as she is a wonderful woman).

The sad-faced Czarina, driving with her pretty, tragic-fated daughters in an open carriage to the hospital.

Kerensky, standing on a tub and screaming until his voice breaks—and so on, and so on, these and many more.

Odd that the most vital and alive of them all should be Stepan Ivanovitch.

I am just now utterly weary of the Russian sentimental fairy-story—the Russia on the one hand of the picturesque Ivan the Fool; the Russia on the other hand of the violent, ruthless Bolshevik.

Yet Stepan Ivanovitch is drawing me out. And perhaps in his one simple person he explains both Ivan the Fool and the violent Bolshevik. His true story, as I saw it, may explain a good deal.

He divides himself into three parts, and the three parts do not join. Perhaps some reader of this little sketch may be able to join them. If so, I hope he or she will write and tell me how it is done.

The first is a Christmas picture. It was that last Christmas of the old world in Russia, the Christmas of 1916.

Not that even then there was much of the old world remaining. The war was dragging miserably along; any hope of anyone doing anything final was melting from people's hearts.

Times were very hard; the bread queues very long. Everyone was hungry.

Nevertheless, although both future and present were depressing and mournful, Christmas was still Christmas in Petrograd.

The Neva was frozen, the churches blazed with candles, Christmas-trees were being carried through the streets, the most glorious cakes were—in spite of the bread queues—being baked, the ballet was dancing fairy-stories at the Opera.

Just a week before Christmas I met Stepan for the first time. I was taken by a lady friend of mine to one of the hospitals, and there was Stepan, wounded, from the front, smiling on his pillow.

In this first panel of Stepan he is always smiling. Although he has been wounded terribly in the leg, and had indeed only just saved himself from losing it altogether, he was as rosy and cheerful and amiable as a child of two.

The atmosphere of Christmas was all around us at that first meeting.

All the soldiers in the wards, save those too ill to realise anything, were in a fever of excitement about the Christmas preparations—the tree, the music, the food, the presents.

And behind these material things, as always in those days in Russia, was a spiritual consciousness of some Presence that was not material.

But, however excited any of them

(*Continued on page 26*)

# Be original this Christmas!

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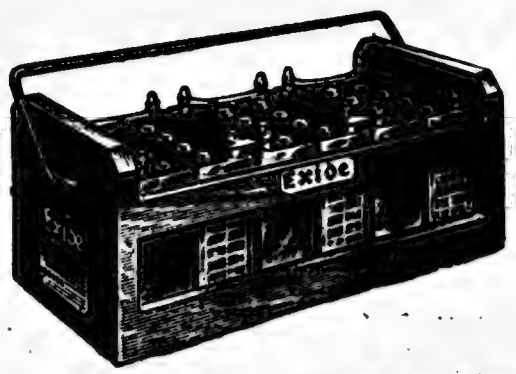


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# "Stepan Ivanovitch"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

might be, none was so truly excited as Stepan Ivanovitch. He was a rather stout, thick-set, clean-looking little man, with a rosy face and beaming eyes.

Even now, although he had been very near to death, his cheeks were rosy.

I noticed him because he was so cheerful. He noticed me because I wore a silver key-chain that was one of the longest and strongest to be found in this visible world.

I used it, as a rule, apart from its proper purpose, to amuse small children of four years old and under. It amused Stepan more than any small child. So Stepan and I became friends.

I had been recalled from London to Petrograd to organise, with Harold Williams, a Bureau of British Propaganda.

It should have been organised, of course, long before, and now, by the irony of fate, we were setting it up at the very moment when it would be quite finally useless. We did not at the moment know that.

However, the bureau being very much in my mind, I talked to Stepan about it. He did not understand anything except that I was a nice, kind gentleman who allowed him to play with a silver key-chain and so help to pass those wearisome hours before all the Christmas fun was to begin.

At least, I *think* that was his mind—how is one to tell in the light of what followed?

The Russian peasant can be very bewitching—can still be, I don't doubt—and Stepan bewitched me exactly as a small child of five might do.

In any case, that is how I saw the first Stepan, propped up on his pillows, his eyes shining with love and kindliness for everyone, his mouth half open with expectation of all the Christmas festivities.

And beyond him the snow glittering, the cakes baking, the church bells ringing, the Christmas-trees shaking their green branches, all the candles shining.

Was it Christmas that shed its glow, my own love of Russia, or was Stepan at that moment really that? I shall never know.

• • •

THE second phase of Stepan began when he limped up the stairs of the Propaganda Bureau with a happy grin on his face and sure confidence in his heart.

What a funny, pathetic place that bureau was!

After much searching, Williams and I had discovered some fine, clean, new buildings, and on the top of these some fine, clean, new rooms.

We had an amiable and active staff, and recruited men afterwards famous like Paul Dukes, John Cournor, and poor Denis Garstin, who died so gallantly a year later in Archangel.

We gave sumptuous luncheons to hungry journalists. We wrote articles and talked at meetings. Our efforts make me think now of a chicken standing in the path of an avalanche!

Nevertheless, we meant well, we worked hard, and although we achieved no results, I have the belief, in the light of after-knowledge, that no one else would have achieved anything either.

Into this bright, clean, optimistic, aseptic place limped Stepan. He smiled at all of us, but especially attached himself to me, laying his bundle at my feet and defying me to turn him out.

I can see him now in his blouse and military trousers, short, stumpy and beaming, his large eyes liquid with love of all the world.

How could one turn him out? One could not. We did not need another doorkeeper, but Stepan became one, and exceedingly happy he was.

Into this land of milk-and-honey there fell one sunny winter afternoon the bomb that is still exploding.

In the middle of my work I looked idly out of my high window and saw the tiny figures on the skating-rink far below, like flies on a saucer of sugar.

THEN I looked beyond and saw coming over the bridge at the end of our street the Russian revolution.

It presented itself then to my startled eyes a motley, shouting pell-mell of men and women with red pieces of rag tied to the ends of their rifles.

As they passed our building they fired some shots at the lower windows, and I realised that the revolution had begun.

Two hours later I was running for my life across a public square, on whose surface three men lay face down, their bowler hats like cabbages on the snow and their souls in Paradise.

As that strange, terrible, tragic, comical week developed, it evolved that I must sleep in the bureau at night to guard it. Stepan stayed with me—in fact, he refused to leave me.

I told him that anything might happen; that we might be shot, burnt, fried alive. He said he did not care.

For a fortnight we stayed together there, and I, not altogether ignorant of life's perfidies, betrayals and disillusions, would have sworn at the end of that time that I had attached to myself at least one faithful soul for ever and ever.

I cannot pretend that that fortnight was pleasant. I had had a year and a half on the Russian Front, and during the retreat on Tarnopol had witnessed every horror and tragedy that the war could provide, but those nights in the Propaganda Bureau were the most unpleasant of all.

No one who has not experienced it can comprehend what a revolution in a familiar city is like; it is the more horrible because its grotesque incidents are played against so familiar a background.

## "The Man Who Feared Nothing"

*Next week's True Story by*

## C. R. BENSTEAD,

*Author of "Retreat"*

I slept only in snatches. I read "War and Peace" and Conrad's Personal Record." I can look at neither book to-day without a little shudder.

And what Stepan was not. Words of mine can ever describe. He was father, mother, brother, sister, opera-singer, dramatist and

He was always cheerful, fear, possessed a fund of story in the manner of Pushkin, Hans Andersen, some very Rabelais.

The climax arrived when about twelve of the clock revolutionaries arrived with flag, rifles, revolvers, and all

They declared that a policeman hiding in the building. I do he was not. They searched covered that a window was

It was out of that, of course, the policeman had been fired.

Stepan and I will never nearer to our deaths than we the moment. There had been summary executions in those for slighter cause.

Finally, they departed, declaring that if the policeman did not appear within an hour they would burn down the building, allowing no one to escape.

So we sat there, Stepan and I smoking for smoke. I implored him to leave me in the old heroic and also in the old heroic style.

He then told me, in great haste and in very simple language, that at last, after much searching, he had discovered the perfect human being with whom he wished (and intended) to spend the remainder of his days.

We shook hands and swore brotherhood. They did not set fire to the building. I knew as day dawned beyond the windows that I had reached at last the true Russian soul.

• • •

ALAS! The end of my story is approaching—and it is so far, so very far, from what it ought to be.

Here begins the third part of Stepan Ivanovitch's history.

Two days after we had plighted our fidelity, coming in from the dreadfully silent street, I met Stepan limping down the stairs. In his hand he carried his bundle.

Where was he going? And if he was to be absent that night would he kindly turn up again at ten the next morning?

No, with his customary beaming smile, he told me he would not. He was leaving us for ever. For ever!

He had learnt that the revolutionaries were paying well for guarding street-corners and such things.

Pay? Was that his trouble? His wages should be doubled.

No, he answered, smiling all over his face, he was going to the revolutionaries. Good-bye! Good-bye! And without a sign or a regret he vanished.

A week later, turning into a side-street, I found Stepan guarding the way.

"You can't come this way!" he said severely.

"Why, Stepan," I cried, "I've been looking for you everywhere. How glad I am that I have found you!"

"A step nearer and I shoot," he replied. He gave me no sign of recognition. His cheeks were dirty. He had the air of a determined brigand.

"But Stepan——!" I cried. He raised his rifle. I retired.

• • •

In all the strange, perplexing, incongruities of the later history of that remarkable country I have seen the figure of Stepan, first child then friend, then guardian of his country.

I can only say how deeply I regret that he found the two latter phases of his career so utterly incompatible!

## A Laughter Christmas

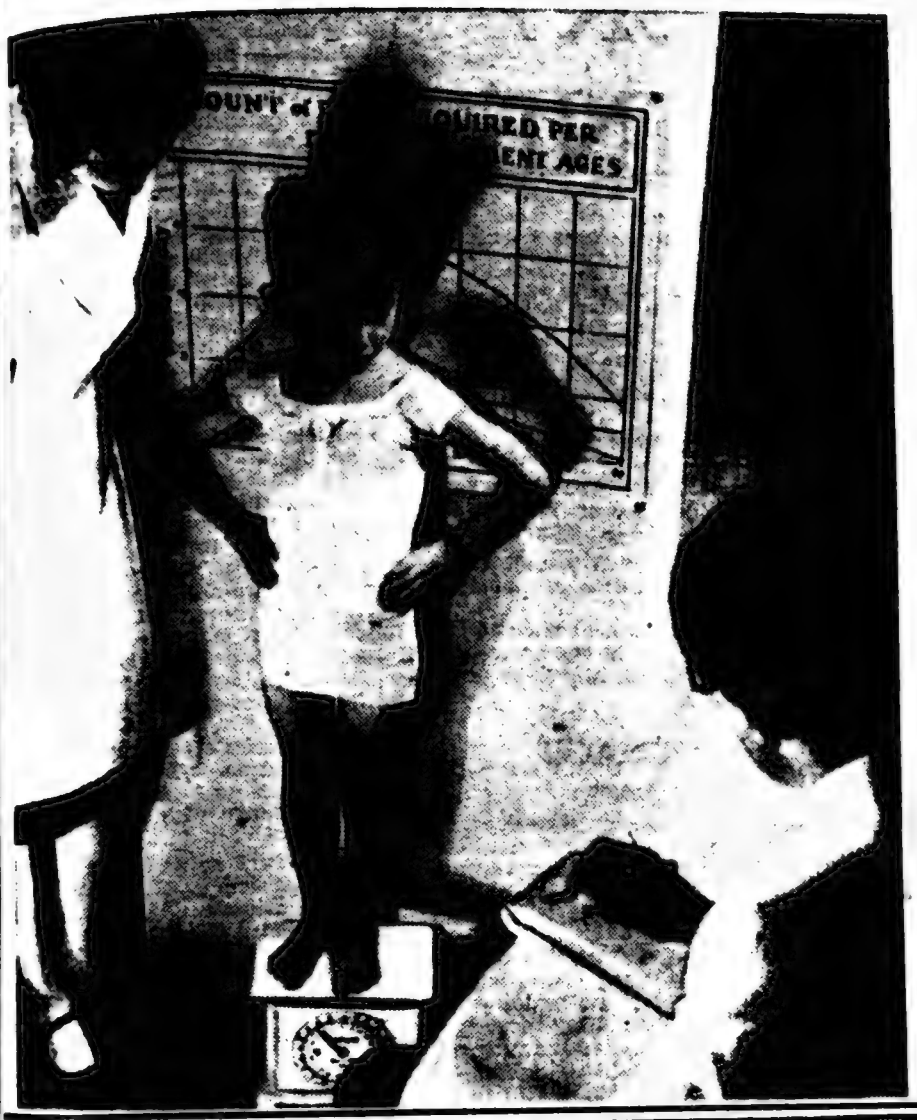
When father heaves a small fat sigh and pushes back his chair, and Tommy struggles to repress a feeble groan, the Christmas feast is over.

But a few minutes later, sitting before a blazing fire, the real fun begins. Gilbert Wilkinson is tickling Uncle George just below the third waistcoat button; Heath Robinson is making Aunt Kate wriggle with sheer enjoyment.

Why not let these, and a host of other brilliant story-tellers and humorous artists, entertain you this Christmas?

Their address? Just "JOHN BULL'S Christmas Holiday Annual"! Sixty-eight pages of Christmas jokes and stories for sixpence!

# Over 1,000,000 Undernourished Children in England!



## "ILL-BALANCED DIET THE CAUSE"

### *says eminent dietetic authority*

HOWEVER much a child may eat, if his diet is not properly balanced he will be undernourished — growth and development will be impaired — and he will be lacking in energy and stamina.

For nearly 50 years Horlick's has been recommended by doctors as a food for children. Made from fresh, full-cream cows' milk and the choicest malted barley and wheat, Horlick's supplies just those body-building and energy-giving elements every growing child needs.

Mothers and school teachers from all over England write enthusiastic letters telling how much Horlick's has done to improve the health and happiness of their children.

Begin today to give Horlick's to your little ones. Children love to watch their Malted Milk being prepared in a Horlick's Mixer — and it makes each drink doubly delicious. Chemists and grocers have Horlick's —plain or chocolate flavoured — in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer.

**One of the many thousand letters received from grateful Horlick's users**

"SINCE she was quite tiny I have given Horlick's to my little girl regularly. She loves it — and I find it does her such a lot of good. I wish you could see Esther. She is a lovely child — so energetic and strong, too! I attribute her splendid health very largely to Horlick's."

MR. LAWRENCE PARNHAM
220, *Ravensworth Road, Bulwell, Nottingham*

MADE IN ENGLAND

# HORLICK'S

***Plain or Chocolate Flavoured***

# PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

also

**DIGGER HONEY DEW**
**DIGGER CUT PLUG**
**DIGGER FLAKE**
**DIGGER MIXTURE**
**DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH**

**7½d.** PER OUNCE

**3¾d.** PER HALF OUNCE

**The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco**

"Just that *extra* protection *that entirely prevents chapping*"

POSED BY MISS SCHOFIELD

"*Above all things I have found 'Vaseline' Jelly priceless for the skin. If applied to the hands each night before going to bed it keeps the skin smooth, supple and white.*"

MRS. McCUTCHEON
*Onslow Drive, Glasgow*

THIS letter is typical of many. For increasing numbers of women are finding that they can avoid painful, unsightly chapping by this simple treatment.

So many of the household tasks they love to do roughen and chap the hands. Protection is given by using "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

For "Vaseline" Jelly rubbed on the hands before retiring or during the day after washing the hands, keeps the skin smooth and white.

"Vaseline" Jelly supplements the natural skin oils—protects against exposure to winter winds. Let it guard your hands too.

You can buy "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at chemists or stores in jars or tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Dept. V13r, Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

**FREE to you—delightful booklet, "The Charm of Childhood," to help you with *your* baby. Send a post-card with your name and address.**

7918

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST


# FATHER'S PROBLEM of ROBBERY *in a* MINE

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

UP to a few days ago, I lived quite happily with my married daughter and her husband.

I am a man of fifty and a widower.

My job is that of a colliery foreman or deputy, and I have always been well liked by my employers and fellow-workmen.

I have to look after an extensive area below ground, and at least seventy miners are in my charge. These men are on piecework, paid by the tonnage or output results.

In one stall seven hewers working a face for some weeks have been suspicious about their tonnage, feeling sure they were not being credited with the actual number of tubs they have filled.

Each group of colliers has a tally number which is affixed to the loaded tubs, so that when the surface is reached, the coal can be weighed, checked and attributed to the right quarter.

The suspicion that less was being accredited to this group than it had hewn was reported to the under-manager, who gave me the job of enquiring into it.

For a fortnight I had watched and narrowed down my seventy men to three, and finally discovered my own son-in-law as the culprit.

Feeling secure that I would not betray him because of our relationship and the fact that he had offered me a home when I was bereft of my wife, he confessed that he had carried on for months a smart game of exchanging tokens on tubs.

He was paid by those men who profited by being credited with more coal than they had exerted themselves to hew.

I left my son-in-law's house that night and went into lodgings, but I have not yet reported my discovery to the management as I threatened.

The fact is I am terribly distracted to know what to do. For if my son-in-law loses his job it is my own daughter who will be the chief sufferer.

"HUMANIST" says: Wholesale fraud of the sort you describe cannot long be hidden.

Tell the whole truth at once to the under-manager, and at the same time plead for your son-in-law to be given another chance.

## MARRIAGE
### *by proxy*

FOUR years ago my niece engaged herself to a young fellow whom all in the family thought would make her an ideal mate. He held a good post in a local firm.

The firm failed, and he was thrown out of a job just when arrangements were being made for the wedding.

Tragedy loomed when my niece had to confess that she was an expectant mother; but all agreed that it was impossible for the marriage to take place on nothing.

A few months later, the boy's uncle in Canada wrote offering him a job if he went out at once.

The worry of prospective parting brought on premature confinement, and my niece, very ill, was removed to a maternity hospital.

Here her reason seemed tottering, and in despair of a better solution the boy offered to marry her before sailing.

She was so delirious, however, that there was no hope of anyone in authority allowing such a ceremony.

Thereupon one of the nurses, romantically inclined, suggested that she should take my niece's name and that she and the young man, along with two witnesses, should attend before the sheriff for a wedding. This was done.

The marriage—under Scottish law—took place an hour or two before the man caught his boat, my niece receiving the certificate.

From the moment the man left the court he was never again seen by any of us.

The uncle in Canada has replied to letters that his nephew, after going out, worked for a month or two on the farm and then disappeared.

Again a rumour reached us that he had been seen in Toronto, where he was living with a woman who had borne him two children.

This was proved true, for it was followed by a letter from the culprit himself, who declared that he never wished to see my niece again and had no intention of recognising her as his wife.

What worries us is my niece's invidious position. Is she married to this man or not? And if not, what about the nurse who carried out the proxy?

"HUMANIST" says: Your niece is not married, but is merely the mother of an illegitimate child whose father has abandoned it.

The nurse who married in her name can, under the Scottish domestic law, be prosecuted for the fraud, along with those who connived at it, if the facts become known.

## PARENT-TROUBLE
### *of a girl dancer*

FROM my earliest years my recollections of a father and mother centre round a couple who drank to such excess that they never could keep a home together.

We tramped from town to town, often living little better than gipsies.

We were never introduced to any relatives, but my brother and myself both determined to strike into a different life directly we could.

This determination led my brother to run away and join the Army. When I was a fourteen-year-old girl I also escaped, changing my name and joining a troupe of travelling dancers.

By chance, my mother and father got my brother's address, and so pestered him for money that he tried to end it by making them an allowance.

This was not enough for them. Learning that he had been promoted, my mother turned up at the camp where he was stationed and kicked up a terrible drunken hullabaloo.

She shouted for all the officers to hear that her son was a fraud, "swanking about with dressed-up nincompoop friends instead of keeping his poor old parents out of the workhouse."

This showing-up was more than the sensitive spirit of my brother could bear. Next morning he was found dead, having committed suicide.

After this I kept as big a distance as possible between myself and my parents. I devoted myself to my art, and am doing well on the stage.

Now I have a letter from my parents. They declare their hearts are aching for a sight of the "little girl" they haven't seen for years, and they are badly in need of help.

What am I to do, for as sure as I get into touch with them again they will reward me as they did my darling brother?

"HUMANIST" says: Help your aged parents if you can, and then you will never have any regrets.

There is no need to get into direct touch with them. It can be done through a third party.

# In League with OUR EXPERT

## Football Forecasts for December 20

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) Blackburn v. Wednesday.
**(2) ARSENAL v. Newcastle.
(3) BIRMINGHAM v. Liverpool.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. Grimsby.
(5) DERBY v. Huddersfield.
**(6) LEEDS v. Manchester U.
(7) LEICESTER v. Bolton.
(8) Manchester C. v. Villa.
*(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Chelsea.
(10) SHEFFIELD v. Middlesbrough.
(11) SUNDERLAND v. West Ham.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) Bristol C. v. Preston.
(2) BARNSLEY v. Hotspur.
(3) BRADFORD C. v. Oldham.
**(4) BURY v. Reading.
(5) Cardiff v. BURNLEY.
(6) CHARLTON v. Forest.
**(7) EVERTON v. Southampton.
(8) PLYMOUTH v. Wolverhampton.
*(9) PORT VALE v. Millwall.
(10) SWANSEA v. Bradford.
*(11) W.B. ALBION v. Stoke.

**THIRD DIVISION (Southern).**

(1) Swindon v. Brentford.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Palace.
(3) ORIENT v. Bristol Rovers.
(4) COVENTRY v. Torquay.
(5) Fulham v. NORTHAMPTON.
(6) NORWICH v. Gillingham.
**(7) NOTTS v. Luton.
(8) Q.P. RANGERS v. Exeter.
(9) THAMES v. Newport.
(10) WALSALL v. Brighton.
(11) WATFORD v. Southend.

**THIRD DIVISION (Northern).**

(1) Halifax v. Carlisle.
(2) Darlington v. TRANMERE.
*(3) DONCASTER v. Barrow.
(4) GATESHEAD v. Chesterfield.
(5) HARTLEPOOLS v. Rochdale.
(6) HULL v. Southport.
**(7) LINCOLN v. Accrington.
(8) Nelson v. WREXHAM.
(9) New Brighton v. YORK.
(10) STOCKPORT v. Rotherham.
(11) WIGAN v. Crewe.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

*(1) RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath.
(2) Aberdeen v. PARTICK.
(3) Clyde v. Dundee.
(4) E. Fife v. MOTHERWELL.
(5) FALKIRK v. Leith.
(6) HAMILTON v. Hearts.
(7) Hibs. v. ST. MIRREN.
(8) Kilmarnock v. CELTIC.
*(9) MORTON v. Ayr.
(10) QUEEN'S P. v. Airdrie.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

**This Week's Star**

*J. Gilfillan, Portsmouth's master-goalie*

**WINNERS IN CODE**

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—2(*H*), 6(*H*); Div. II.—4(*H*), 7(*H*), 9(*H*), 11(*H*); Southern Section 3—7(*H*); Scottish League—1(*H*), 9(*H*), would indicate Arsenal, Leeds, Bury, Everton, Port Vale, W.B. Albion, Notts, Glasgow Rangers and Morton.

## Wifie was entranced—

to see her "other half" so spick and span—regretful that such fine cut and cheery design should be restricted to bedrooms and bathrooms. Happily (and inexpensively) "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas do you equal credit in the world at large. You will admire their appearance. Wifie will be gratified by their enduring smoothness and smartness.

ASK FOR

"Tremola" (REGD)

SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

*Ask your Hosier or Outfitter to show you "TREMOLA" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS for present-day wear.*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "Tricolette" THE EQUAL TO SILK.

See Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.

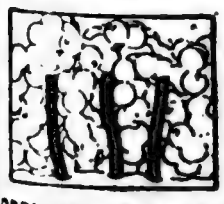
A Wemco FABRIC. *Write (Dept. 15A) 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.*

## Still smooth and clean at the end of the day

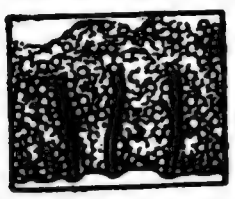
### . . . it was a Colgate 'small bubble' shave

MEN who appreciate a really clean and smooth shave lather up with Colgate's every morning. Colgate 'small bubble' lather gives a better shave—a shave that leaves the skin pleasantly soft and smooth and which lasts twice as long. The moment you lather your face with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film which covers each hair; 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard and soak it soft with water. Your beard is scientifically softened right down to the base, softened where the razor does its work.

Try Colgate's to-morrow morning and notice the difference to-morrow night.



ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER (Highly magnified). Note air filled bubbles which cannot bring sufficient water to soften the base of the beard.



COLGATE LATHER (highly magnified) showing how small bubbles bring quantities of water right down to the base of each whisker.

Handy Grip Shaving Stick, 1/6.

Shaving Stick—Metal Box, 1/-. Refill, 10d.

# COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

*"Gives a shave that lasts 2 hours longer"*

# Greatest Coupon Sensation!

## FREE

FOR ONLY

## 495

COUPONS

To Every Smoker of

NAVY CLUB Virginia CIGARETTES

## Nothing to Pay

ALL ROYALTIES INCLUDED

*Stand not included, nor is it necessary but may be bought if desired for 12/6.*

HIGHLY SELECTIVE FULL-SIZE SET (British Made)

## 3 VALVE DENNIS SUPER PORTABLE

### SPECIFICATION:

Including 3 Valves and Loudspeaker, Solid Oak Cabinet of artistic design and craftsmanship. The slow-motion dial makes tuning-in delightfully simple. A child can operate it.

Everything, including Frame Aerial, in this FULL-SIZE Set completely built in. NO outside wires, NO Aerial, NO Earth, NO trouble.

AMAZING PERFORMANCE. BRITISH AND FOREIGN STATIONS GUARANTEED WITH POWERFUL VOLUME.

### HOW THIS OFFER IS POSSIBLE.

The makers of the Dennis Super 3-Valve Set and the component parts and the makers of the Permos Batteries and Permos Accumulators, together with ourselves, contribute towards the cost of this expensive offer in order to obtain a world-wide advertisement and distribution for their products and our Navy Club Cigarettes. PERMOS Batteries are BEST and CHEAPEST and are RECOMMENDED for this SET.

### *Higher Quality—Better than Ever.*

Nothing has been sacrificed in the quality or size of Navy Club Cigarettes. On the contrary, following the reduction of the cost of Tobacco, the finest Virginia Tobacco procurable is now being used in Navy Club, and consequently the smoker obtains a 10 for 10d. Cigarette at 10 for 6d. in Navy Club.

### A FEW of the STATIONS RECEIVED with THIS SET

*LON. REGIONAL.*
*LON. NATIONAL.*
*MIDLAND.*
*HUIZEN.*
*BERLIN.*
*KALUNDBORG.*
*DAVENTRY.*
*EIFFEL TOWER.*
*RADIO PARIS.*
*HILVERSUM.*
*BUDAPEST.*
*VIENNA.*
*BRUSSELS.*
*MILAN. ROME.*
*PRAGUE.*
*LANGENBERG.*

DO NOT MISS THIS GOLDEN ONCE IN A TIME OPPORTUNITY

*Ask your tobacconist for your first packet of*

FABIAN'S Navy Club VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D. THREE QUALITIES Medium | Mild | Very Mild 20 for 1/-

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SETS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED.

**TO GET SET AT ONCE BEFORE COLLECTING COUPONS.**

If you want your Set at once, before collecting coupons send a deposit of 5 gns., which will be returned to you when you send the coupons later. If you are not delighted and charmed, deposit will be refunded if Set is returned C.P. within 3 days.

**REGISTER NOW AS A COLLECTOR.**

In order to assist us in our arrangements with the makers to have all the Sets ready when our friends have collected the necessary coupons we recommend every smoker to register as a Navy Club collector.

**USE THIS FORM**

*L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.C. 35), 74, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1*

Please send me your 10 Gn. Dennis Super 3-Valve Portable Set for which I enclose a deposit of 5 Gns. on the understanding that you will return the whole of this sum when I send my coupons later. Also send me *25 FREE BONUS COUPONS.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

**FREE COUPON**

25 BONUS COUPONS, Cash Value 3/4

*L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.35), 74, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1*

Please send descriptive leaflet of the "Dennis" 3-Valve Super Set and Registration Form with your undertaking to reserve a Set for me if I return the form to you indicating my decision to become a collector of Navy Club coupons. Also send me *25 FREE BONUS COUPONS.*

I enclose one empty Navy Club carton.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

L. & J. FABIAN 74 NEW BOND ST LONDON W

## Avoid Colds and Influenza

## GARGLE

If you want to avoid colds, influenza, tonsilitis or other serious winter affections, you should keep mouth and throat in a healthy, germ-free condition—by gargling with Odol several times every day. Odol is unique as a mouth wash and gargle for it combines safety with great germicidal power and remarkable healing properties. At a strength of 4 per cent., Odol will destroy Typhoid germs in 30 seconds. It is non-toxic, and can be used by quite young children. For your health's sake, gargle—

WITH

**Odol**

*In Flasks: 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 5/6.*

Aldwych



## BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

*Business all the Year Round*

## RACING

The same Generous Terms as offered on the Flat apply to

## NATIONAL HUNT RACING

**NO LIMIT—**
**WIN OR PLACE.**

Bets on Favourites accepted for **Singles, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators.**

Books now open on all the Big Events,

**LINCOLNSHIRE, GRAND NATIONAL, DERBY.**

## FOOTBALL

The Highest Possible Odds with the Greatest Possible Security offered on the

**CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPON.**

***Send for Rules and Lists.***

## DAVID COPE
**& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.**
**(Dept. J.B.)**
**227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2**


# *Should the* POLICE *be* ARMED?

## YES!

CERTAINLY. Imagine a policeman in a lonely country village who has had news of a bandit car coming his way

He has to go out alone, unarmed, to meet the car.

He may be able to force it to stop (if he's lucky enough to trap it): but how about its occupants, who are desperate? What chance has he, unarmed, against them?

It is a blot on our civilisation that we allow our protectors to be unprotected themselves.

Give our policemen guns and bullets and the power to use them.—*H. E. Jones, Mon.*

### *In the Night*

John Citizen takes pride in his respect for law and order, and boastfully contrasts his own unarmed police with the armed guardians he sees abroad.

But if the same John goes downstairs some night and sees Bill Sikes, he will long to feel his hand comfortably gripping the butt of a revolver rather than the poker.

The bandit takes a swift car; we try to give the police a swifter. He carries an automatic, and we give his pursuer a truncheon!

Common-sense must displace sentimentality and prejudice. Let Robert, too, have a gun.—*M. D., Bucks.*

### *Cowards*

The only argument against arming policemen is that they may make too free use of such arms in case of danger.

Putting it bluntly, that's all rot. The British policeman is a fellow of sound judgment, and, in most cases, is of a humane nature.

Criminals against whom he is pitted are generally neither, and are cowards when it comes to a fight.

I see no fair reason why a coward should be better equipped to defend his life than a brave man.

If the public wants protection it must protect the men who protect them.—*E. B. B., Cantab.*

### *Not to Kill*

The foulest of murders of recent years was that of P.C. Gutteridge—out in the solitude in the dead of night, unarmed and unaccompanied.

What chance had he, or would anybody have, against such criminals as he met?

Every constable should be armed, not to kill, but for his own self-defence, particularly on country beats.—*N. Ives, Hove.*

### *Suicide*

There are hundreds of places in England where our police dare not venture, not because they are afraid, but because it would be suicidal.

Give them adequate means of defending themselves, and they would be masters, not the crooks.

The British police are the finest in the world; yet they are at the mercy of anybody who comes along with any sort of firearm.

The only people who would object to them being armed would be those who were afraid; and no law-abiding citizen need be afraid of a policeman, armed or otherwise.—*F. Parkes, Wolverhampton.*

* * *

The criminal uses lethal weapons to break the set rules which govern human society. Why should not the policeman use them to enforce them?—*Leonard Evans, Abertillery.*

Armed bandits in fast motor-cars must be ruthlessly stamped out, and the armed policeman is the surest means to this end.—*J. M., London, E.*

To ask a man to patrol a dangerous beat, carrying only a truncheon, is sheer folly.—*Airman, Andover.*

Allow the police to be armed and cowards with guns will soon be eradicated.—*J. H., Surrey.*

## NO!

TO arm policemen would be a retrograde step, disastrous alike to themselves and the public they serve.

Granting that a policeman's lot is not a happy (or safe) one, arms would merely add to the danger. Any unfortunate misuse of arms which might easily occur would provoke reprisals with deplorable consequences.

As things are, the civil population usually regard the police as friends worthy of respect and co-operation in all their arduous duties.

It would be fatal to substitute an armed police, which would evoke distrust and tend to restrict the liberties of the people.—*Alex. Wright, Salford.*

### *Judge, Jury—*

When pistols are used in a mêlée, the one who "draws" first has the pull, the second having a chance only if the first one misses.

To be effective the policeman would have to "draw" first, which means that, without any means of ascertaining whether his quarry be armed or not, he would be permitted to "draw" upon the armed and the unarmed alike, with power to shoot.

Invested with such power, the policeman would then become judge, jury and executioner.—*T. Storey, Longsight.*

### *Compare*

The wife of a policeman. I say that armed policemen would be a menace to civil peace.

They would lose the confidence of the public, who ask them for advice on subjects too numerous and varied to mention.

I know that many unfortunates have been given food, clothes, money, and helped to get jobs by our men.

In return we have good will. Compare crime in England with America where the police are armed.—*Policeman's Wife, Monmouth.*

### *We Don't Want—*

I don't carry a gun on a job. The fewer tools the better.

I don't mind tackling any "cop" while he's only got a truncheon on him.

Give him a gun, though, and I'll take jolly good care I take mine with me, and I guess all my pals would do the same.

We don't want shooting, but if the "cops" do, we'll let 'em have it.—*A Burglar, Wilts.*

### *Shoot or Be Shot*

If policemen were armed, lawbreakers certainly would be, and in conflict between them it would be "Shall I shoot or be shot at?" on both sides.

Now the lawbreaker knows that carrying firearms will add to his sentence if caught; also if he should carry and use them he may add murder to his crimes.—*A. G. Williams, Bognor Regis.*

### *A Hero*

If the police were armed, public horror and the determination to bring to justice the cowardly brute who shot an unarmed policeman might give place to attempts to justify or even make a hero of the assassin.

In the eyes of a certain section authority is always wrong, and should the police, in the execution of their duty, rid the country of a few gunmen what a hullabaloo there would be.

The "cat" and long "stretches" for criminals carrying arms should stamp out the evil.—*W. A., Plumstead.*

* * *

Our police force is the best in the world, and has won this proud status not by gunmanship, but by tact and honesty.—*D. L., Wales.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on MONDAY, DEC. ....

**My Case for Wedded-Single-Bliss**

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# SYRIAN, *the Killer*

THE "go racing" campaign receives a severe set-back throughout the Christmas festivities. Boxing Day and Saturday, the 27th, come to the rescue of an otherwise blank week.

No doubt, too, many of the timber-toppers will be unable to do themselves justice owing to an overdose of corn! But there are good times coming.

We have the entries for the "Lincolnshire" and several of the Spring Handicaps, while, in the immediate future, two of the plums of the jumping season, the Victory 'Chase and the Victory Hurdle, will be decided at Manchester.

The 'chase has a very open appearance, but I shall not be surprised if the Squire of Middleham, Dobson Peacock, brings off a coup with Privit's Pride.

The gelding is in the pink of condition, and his displays since the campaign started show that he is greatly improved.

Peacock won the Victory Hurdle twelve months ago with Syrian, and this speedy jumper is being keyed up with a view to annexing the prize once more.

I plump for a Peacock "double" at Manchester.

Syrian, by the way, is an interesting character. After a season at hurdling he broke down, and it appeared as if his racing career was ended. He was turned out to graze.

The great, open way appealed to Syrian. He took to sheep-chasing, and one morning five were found dead. Syrian had seized them by the scruffs of their necks and treated them as a terrier does a rat.

The sheep-killer was isolated, and later on went out with a pack of hounds. A course of this game patched him up to such an extent that his owner, Mr. Dugdale, sent him back to Peacock. He picked up four or five races last season.

Irish Monarch may come up at Hurst Park's opening stage. For the Saturday "double" I suggest Burning Bush and Persian Sun.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 18, to Wednesday, December 24.

B D F H J L S W Z X
C V E I U M O Y R P
A T N G Q K
76 78 75 74 73 79

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

74Z7679MF would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

79HM2H76 would read KILLIA.

"SILVER RING."

# 10/6

Ingersoll Earl 10/6 Radiolite Dial 12/6

## An Eye-opener for Wrist Watch Buyers!

Over a quarter of a century ago Ingersoll staggered the World with the famous Ingersoll 5/- pocket watch. To-day the same name is associated with the greatest achievement ever made in the Wrist Watch World. The new Ingersoll Earl Wrist Watch at 10/6, with the famous Ingersoll guarantee is available to thrifty buyers everywhere.

*Ingersoll*

**WRIST WATCHES from 10/6 to £10 each.**
**MAKE IDEAL XMAS GIFTS**

Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents everywhere.
Ingersoll Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

## THE BEST BOOK FOR COMPETITORS

Have YOU seen the "King's English" Dictionary? If not, you can examine one Free. Amongst other things this wonderful book contains the following: Definitions of 150,000 Words, English Literature, Humanised Geography with World Maps, Famous Men, World History, Wireless Telephony, Aviation, Motoring, Correct Speech, How to Write English, Names and Place Names, Bible Names and Places, Scottish Glossary, Foreign Phrases, Commercial Terms, Synonyms and Antonyms, Picture Teaching.

"F. B., Hendon," writes:—

16/9/30.

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your 'King's English Dictionary,' and to proffer my profound thanks for same. There can be little doubt that this magnificent book is worth every farthing of its price."

Fill in the Coupon below and examine the book for five days FREE.

**POST COUPON TO-DAY.**

**BRITISH BOOKS, Ltd., 98, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2**

Please send to me the KING'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY (New Ed.), on approval, for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/- and ten further monthly payments of 3/- to complete the price of 32/6.

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... J.B. 215A.

## NEW SHOES *in a sixpenny bottle*

If you use 'Radium' Leather Dyes. No matter how soiled or faded the leather has become, shoes will take on a new beauty when this amazing dye is used. Sold in black and all fashionable colours in 6d. bottles complete with the handy mop. Supplied by Repairers, Leather Stores, and Boot Shops. *If any difficulty write for leaflet and name of nearest dealer*

**Radium LEATHER DYES** *for shoes & all Leather goods*

RADIUM LTD., BROADHEATH, MANCHESTER.

Use 'Radium' Suede Dye for dyeing suede shoes. 6d. a bottle.

## Something to sing about!

# BIRD'S CUSTARD

## "It's so nutritious"

# STONE'S GINGER WINE

**SIP IT—DRINK IT—DRAIN IT.**

**The golden way to a merry Xmas since 1740.**

*The ORIGINAL Green Ginger Wine. Famous since 1740.*

## £650 AND MORE CHRISTMAS PRIZES WON!

**Result of "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 92.**

*The only correct solution in the above contest was received from:—*

**T. STEVENS, 47a, Garratt Lane, Earlsfield, S.W.18,**

*to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £600 will be despatched. Solutions containing one error were received from the following 26 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 18s. 6d.*

Bishop, Mrs., 91, Eden Grove, Holloway, N.7; Brown, H., 75, Bective Rd., Kingsthorpe, Northampton; Butler, Mrs. M. L., 46, Victoria Rd., Bridgwater, Som.; Caddy, E. J., 61a, Pantygraigwen Rd., Pontypridd; Cork, Miss L., 4, Silpahre St., Reigate, Surrey; Dent, Mrs. M., 19, Benson St., Norton-on-Tees; Devereux, Mrs. C., 176, Simpson Rd., Bletchley, Bucks; Evans, Miss J. L., 52, Villiers Rd., Rhosgwnfi, Glam.; Findlay, R., 894, Rutherglen Rd., Glasgow, C.5; Gedding, C., 92, Ladysmith Rd., Brighton; Gould, L., 18, Buckingham Place, Plymouth; Hunt, Mrs. W., 6, The Cleanings, Luton Rd., Chatham; Laing, A., Downfield, Braemar; Lane, Mrs., Alderton, Tewkesbury, Glos.; Maydell, Miss V., 92, Liverpool Rd., Canning Town, E.16; Molloy, J., 5, Belview Av., Londonderry; Newman, S., 178, Coventry Rd., Nuneaton; Nind, H., Coventry Rd., Bedworth; Phillips, Mrs. M., Pilley Bally, Nr. Lymington, Hants; Price, W., 13, Ynyshir Rd., Ynyshir, S. Wales; Smith, F., 158, Pinhoe Road, Exeter; Stamp, Miss C., Epney, Saul, Gloucester; Thresher, Mrs., Lodge Cottage, Marnhull, Dorset; Tucker, Mrs. O., "Norbitts," Prince's Road East, Torquay; Wayland, F., 23, Castle Rd., Swanley Junction, Kent; Webber, L. A., 12, Rosery Rd., Chaldon, Torquay.

*In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the £600 and each of the 26 winners who share £50 will receive shortly before Christmas an extra double award of a Christmas Turkey and a Christmas Cake.*

**Another £650 cash and big "John Bull" Hampers awaiting your skill on page 32 this week.**

# No More Disturbed Nights.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shaftforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shaftforth Prescription No. 285. Prices 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

*Privately packed and post free at these prices from*

**Shaftforth Prescription Service, Limited,**
**(Dept. A.B.32) 42, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.**

*Boots, Taylors and all chemists stock or obtain.*

Uncomfortable

'FULNESS' AFTER EATING

*is really INDIGESTION*

INDIGESTION does not always take the form of stomach pain, but often reveals itself in drowsiness, 'heaviness' or feelings of 'fulness' after meals. Whether serious or slight, digestive trouble is nearly always due to excess acid which interrupts digestion, ferments food and generates unpleasant gases. These gases distend the stomach, and thus cause nausea, 'full' feeling and even palpitation. You can avoid this and get quick relief by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Instantly the excess acid that causes the trouble is neutralised; fermentation stops; pain disappears and your inflamed stomach lining is soothed. There is no need to suffer uncomfortable, after-meal 'fulness' which is really indigestion, a 1/3 packet of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets will banish stomach trouble.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN or ACIDITY.

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS REG'D

*are a revelation in flavour.*

Delicious, refreshing, irresistible and such splendid aids to digestion. There is no other sweet so acceptable at a party.

Obtainable everywhere. Wrapped and Unwrapped in 6d., 1/- 1/6 and 2/- Packages, also loose 6d. per 1/-lb.



The Way to Bank Money

ZIG-ZAG

Is to save 3½d. in every shilling by rolling your own with the world's best cigarette papers.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS


# WIN JOHN BULLS' BIG X-WORD PRIZE

**£50** FOR RUNNERS UP

**'XTRA XMAS X-WORD PRIZES**

In addition to the £650 Cash prizes, an extra prize of a big "John Bull" Hamper will be awarded to every prize-winner in this week's contest.

HERE is a nice big cheque for £600 waiting to be won in "John Bull's" X-word Competition. In addition to this there is £50 for runners up as well as an extra prize of a big "John Bull" Hamper, crammed with good things, for every prize-winner in this contest. For a few minutes' thought this wonderful cash prize might be yours. Don't miss this excellent opportunity of winning £600—fill in the little squares below and enter for this fascinating and profitable pastime without delay.

"John Bull" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 95, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. The additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every prize-winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Hamper. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one penny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), January 1st. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 8th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Jan. 15th, 1931.

**Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.**

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN **ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS**. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to "**John Bull**" **Crosswords (No. 95), 33, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **January 1st.**
**Entry MUST be sent by post.**

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — & Co., — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, January 15th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, January 20th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only, and must be accompanied by a remittance of 6s. which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

**Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), January 1st.**

CUT HERE

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 95

*Entry Form "A."*

JB 95

*Do not separate these forms.*

**Entry Form "B."**

CUT HERE

JB 95

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

**Closing Date Thursday (noon), January 1st.**

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

**Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupon early.**

### Clues Across.

1. KIND.
4. LEAN.
8. THE EAST.
10. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT AND FLOWER.
12. INDICATES MAID'S NAME.
13. STRONG FABRIC.
14. HARD TO GET IN WHICH A[illegible].
16. SMALL BIRD.
18. THIS NEEDS PLAYING CAREFULLY.
19. OPPOSITE TO WEST.
21. THESE KEEP CATTLE FROM STRAYING.
22. PART OF A CIRCLE.
24. FEMALE SHEEP.
25. FONDLE A PET.
30. LENDS COLOUR TO SALAD.
34. SACRED BUILDING.
36. FRENCH COIN.
37. LICENSED VEHICLES.
38. FAVOURED ANIMAL.
39. A METAL.
40. NEITHER.
41. MAKES COMEDIAN SICK.
42. GOOD ONE MAKES US LAUGH BETTER.

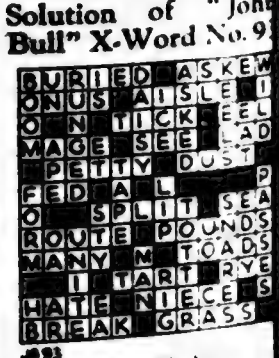
### Clues Down.

1. CLOTHES MAY BE THIS IN THE WASH.
6. WORN ON HER FINGERS.
9. STARTING-PLACE AT SCHOOL.
5. SECURE VENGEANCE.
6. SMALL QUANTITY OF DRINK.
7. HARBOUR INN-KEEPERS ACCUSTOMED TO.
9. FRESH.
11. THESE FASTEN YOUR STOCKINGS.
15. WE HEAR WITH THEM.
17. FARMER WILL SHOW YOU.
18. CONSUMED.
20. SAILOR.
23. COLOURED LIKE A ROSE.
26. PET CAT OFTEN IS THIS.
27. WHAT CARRIES WIRELESS WAVES.
28. MOVE SUDDENLY.
29. DIPLOMAT SOMETIMES RELIES ON.
31. CEREAL.
32. STAR-LIKE FLOWER.
33. LABOURS.
35. WHAT A NOISE IT MAKES.
38. COOKING UTENSIL.

*Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary, Nuttall's Dictionary (dated [illegible]) used in compiling this puzzle.*

**Winners in Crossword No. [illegible] appear on page 31.**

**Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 93**



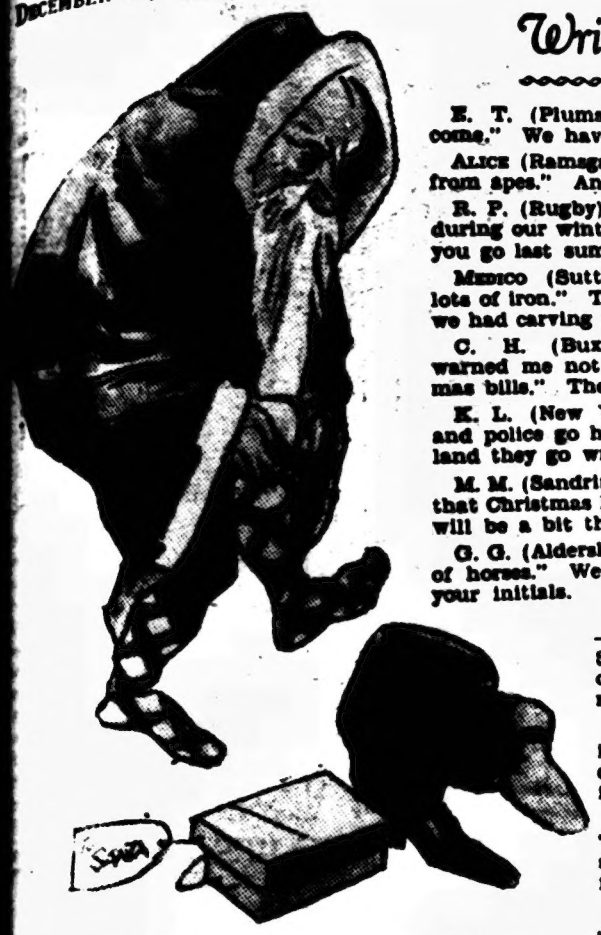

JB 93

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 93 is correct, but with as a matter of interest our X-word competitors do not wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £600 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the £600 be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

**WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£600 MUST BE WON**



*D. S. Morpeth).—"My little boy wants to know why Santa Claus wears high boots?" We understand that his wife always knits him a pair of socks for Christmas*

# The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

L. M. (Fenton).—"Women do the oldest things." Especially to get even.

J. W. (Oxford).—"How can I make money at Christmas?" "Wait" for it.

A. P. (Shoreditch).—"If you don't publish the enclosed I'll never write to you again." Can we count on that?

Mrs. I. (Oban).—"How many maids has the average family keep?" About one in twenty.

B. Y. (Bickley).—"What is more worrying than selecting Christmas presents?" Paying for them.

COMEDIAN (Stockport).—"Didn't you think my joke very seasonable for Christmas?" Yes, it was a chestnut.

O. B. (Teddington).—"Burglars stole a box of cigars my wife gave me." That was very thoughtful of them.

M. B. (Aberdeen).—"I don't believe in Christmas lotteries." We didn't draw a prize, either.

D. Y. (Whitby).—"Many of the new loudspeakers don't look anything like loudspeakers." But, unfortunately, they all sound like them.

M. B. (Coventry).—"Many budding Littlelans are to be found in our prisons." Most of them, however, are still at large.

CHEMIST (Hove).—"Sal-volatile often has the same effect as brandy." We would not like to try it on our Christmas pudding.

A. V. (Liverpool).—"On account of a dispute several performers here cannot work." This often occurs in London even when there is no dispute.

T. S. (Exmouth).—"I am getting married because I really believe that two can live as cheaply as one." But not as quietly.

PHIL (Worcester).—"I got half a dozen cigarette-cases last Christmas. I wonder how I'll fare this time?" It depends on what your friends have against you.

## Write to "John Bull" About It!

E. T. (Plumstead).—"Let Christmas come." We have arranged to do so.

ALICE (Ramsgate).—"Men only spring from apes." And women from mice.

R. P. (Rugby).—"I always go abroad during our wintry weather." Where did you go last summer?

MEMICO (Sutton).—"Turkeys contain lots of iron." That explains the trouble we had carving up our bird last year.

C. H. (Buxton).—"My doctor has warned me not to worry about Christmas bills." Then make light of them.

K. L. (New York).—"Here gangsters and police go hand in hand." In England they go wrist to wrist.

M. M. (Sandringham).—"It's predicted that Christmas Day will be foggy." That will be a bit thick.

G. G. (Aldershot).—"I'm awfully fond of horses." We thought as much from your initials.

BARTON (Whitehaven).—"Why do people go to Switzerland at the end of the year?" As a last resort.

I. L. (Ripley).—"What is the ideal Christmas dinner?" The one paid for by somebody else.

C. E. (Camberley).—"I've got a Christmas surprise for you." Don't forget to post it early.

G. C. (Lynmouth).—"Politics should be forgotten at Christmas time." Agreed. Let's all be liberal.

NURSE (Oxford).—"He brought grapes, although I told him my patient didn't like them." Perhaps he thought you did.

B. D. (Birmingham).—"How can I avoid splashing my trousers with mud when walking?" By wearing a kilt.

G. K. (Mayfair).—"Conjuring is now taught by post." But the problem of how to borrow half a crown for a trick at an Aberdeen party still remains unsolved.

DR. C. (Ealing).—"Where are the plum puddings and mince pies of thirty years ago?" All eaten, we hope.

L. N. (Epping).—"I believe in a little foreign travel every year." Are you a slate-club secretary?

COMEDIAN (Tilbury).—"We shall be fully engaged on Christmas Day." Eating or drinking?

D. R. (Grays).—"There is something romantic about holly." Especially when the points get home.

V. G. (Hornsea).—"I don't like the pattern on the new shirt my wife gave me." Send it to our laundry. You won't see it again.

MRS. T. (Dumfries).—"Thin husbands are always easier to persuade than fat ones." The fatter a man is, of course, the longer it takes to get round him.

MOTHER (Bristol).—"I wish to give my little boy a Christmas present that won't wear out quickly. What do you suggest?" A cake of soap.

MRS. J. (Selby).—"I worry at times wondering what my neighbours think about me." You would probably worry more if you knew.

N. K. (Kenley).—"I have the complexion of a girl." On your coat?

SID (Plymouth).—"I'm engaged to a deaf and dumb girl." Lucky fellow.

PHOEBE (Norbury).—"I married for love." Of gold?

J. H. (Peterborough).—"I dreamt last night that I was single." And then the baby woke you up?

R. B. (Colchester).—"He drinks nothing but pints of beer." No half measures for him.

A. V. (Eden).—"He butted me with his head and then said it was a joke." He shouldn't play the goat like that.

L. B. (London, N.).—"I frequently find people out." So you are an instalment collector?

G. B. (Barnet).—"A doctor says that kissing shortens life." He means single life.

A. P. (Sevenoaks).—"I spoke to the landlord about the quality of the beer." A bitter complaint.

L. P. (Stourbridge).—"I hate a noisy Christmas." You're the kind of killjoy that would insist on all Christmas crackers being fitted with silencers.

S. T. (Ongar).—"The old stay-at-home Christmas is now old-fashioned." But for the old-fashioned Christmas you still stay at home.

MRS. D. (Richmond).—"My husband tries to play golf in the drawing-room." Other men do the same thing on the golf-course.

R. G. (Boxmoor).—"Is it in bad taste to invite thirteen people to sit down to a meal?" Yes, if you have only catered for twelve.

A. P. (Chatham).—"I told her that if she refused me I would never love another." Would that promise hold good if she accepted you?

L. M. (Maida Vale).—"It takes courage for women to wear some of the new evening frocks." It must be admitted that they display plenty of backbone.

NATURALIST (Oxford).—"Worms are the only invertebrates I have never observed in a state of fluster." You have evidently never seen one accompanying his wife on her Christmas shopping.

D. W. (Weybridge).—"I am not on speaking terms with my wife." There's nothing surprising about that. Many husbands are merely on listening terms.

G. C. (Brighouse).—"One day American skyscrapers will be seen in this country." How on earth will they get them across?

M. M. (St. John's Wood).—"I didn't care what the taxi-meter was recording, as I was with a girl." And a miss is as good as a mile.

JAMES (Bury).—"It is a dreadful mistake for a man to say that his wife is stupid." Especially if she happens to overhear him.

J. M. C. (Edinburgh).—"In Scotland we celebrate the New Year more than Christmas." Your bells will soon be ringing if you win the New Year £500 on page 38.

L. P. (Birmingham).—"It is suggested that there should be advertisements on the back of postage stamps." That would certainly be a great idea for anyone who wanted to get the name of his product on every tongue.

H. T. (Lowestoft).—"On the old-fashioned narrow highways, just wide enough for two cars to pass, collisions between two cars were frequent." Now they're building highways much wider, enabling three or four cars to collide at one time.

## SIDE-Slips

*Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."*

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Cyclists must not endanger the LOVES of other people."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Admirers of musical comedy should NOT FAIL TO MISS the return visit of the production."

EVENING WORLD (Newcastle):—"He was receiving 11s. a week in MONEY and 12s. in CASH."

FILM WEEKLY:—"With babies, and cradles, and COUNTRY LANES, clustered round her knee."

LOUTH STANDARD:—"A pair of brown SHOES was produced, and Brady said they were the BOOTS he was wearing that night."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Mr. —— was ON the piano."

ANNANDALE OBSERVER:—"His father while Archbishop crowned King Edward and QUEEN ELIZABETH."

LINCOLNSHIRE AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"Gent's bicycle, quantity garden tools, WIFE netting and stakes."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Three children were injured in a collision between a Salford BUST and a lorry."


Mullard

FOR
BETTER RADIO

Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

Hayward's
MILITARY
PICKLE

It is not surprising that most people like cold meat when it is served with MILITARY. But there's a reason for it. Military Pickle is made from selected vegetables blended with spices and pure malt vinegar to a flavour which stimulates the appetite.

Of all Grocers,
10½d., 1/6 per Bottle.

HAYWARD BROS. LTD.,
KENNINGTON, S.E.11

VAPEX
INHALANT

**The Simple, Safe, Speedy Cold Cure**

The "VAPEX" treatment for colds is very simple—put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—it cannot upset the stomach, cause indigestion, or interfere with any other medical treatment. Wonderfully speedy, because the vapour searches out the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will your cold disappear.

*Of Chemists*
*2/- & 3/- per bottle*

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Bardsley Vale, Lancs.
V.32

**Let Jordan's lift the load**

FREE OFFER. A sample box of Jordan's "Gin" Pills—the safe, *effective* remedy for all Kidney troubles and Uric Acid complaints—can be obtained **free** by sending your name and address to The Jordan Medicine Co., 39 Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.1

JORDAN'S
**GIN PILLS**
FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PRICES: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box

*Stocked by* ALL BRANCHES: TAYLOR'S, PARKES, HODDERS, TIMOTHY WHITES, HEDGES, VENABLES, LEWIS & BURROWS & other chemists

*"The Greatest of These —" Fund.*

# *Who'll Deck our Christmas-Tree?*

THIS Christmas, with vast numbers of daddies unemployed, will be a sad one for very many families. Every post brings to "The Greatest of These ——" Fund an overwhelming number of pitiful letters, with the cry: "I cannot see where I am going to get some dinner this Christmas for my children," or "Can you help to make my children happy this Christmas?"

We, therefore, present to our compassionate readers an imaginary Christmas-tree for them to load with good things, so that we can help as many as possible to have some little "extra" on Christmas Day.

Gifts in actual food are not possible, but all your gifts in pounds, shillings and pence can be converted into Christmas dinners, and will represent the coloured lights on our tree.

We should like it to blaze with thousands of lights to light up the eyes of fathers, mothers and children with joy.

We would like the branches of the tree to be heavily laden with gifts in clothing, and with toys—all that you can spare.

The tub that holds the roots of the tree will also hold any number of boots and shoes of all sizes. A cry always ringing in our ears is: "My children have no boots to their feet."

The fairy with the wand who crowns the tree-top is the Fairy Godmother, manifested in each and every subscriber.

The tree itself will be the fir species known as the "Balm of Gilead," a tree used for healing wounds.

And all who help to decorate this tree will surely be blessed, for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These —" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. S. Hodgson (Accrington), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Freeman (Northchurch), 1s.; Miss B. Smith (Shrewsbury), 2s. 6d.; J. Hughes (Llandyssyl), 10s.; T. Stanton (Chewton Mendip), 2s.; A. A. Carter (Dover), 5s.; Capt. W. G. Popplestone, £1 1s.; E. J. Price (Abercynon), 10s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; Esther, 10s.; Grateful (Long Stratton), 5s. E. M. K., 2s.; Billie, 4½d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 9d.; Reader of JOHN BULL (Fife), 1s.; A Widow, 1s.; E. Davies (Tott.), 1s.; S. J. P. (One Ninth), 1s. 7d.; Thankful Heart, 2s.; Topsy (Leeds), 2s.; Inasmuch (Rochdale), 2s.; Geo. Hancock (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; U. C., 2s. 6d.; A Young Sympathiser of 18, 5s.; W., 5s.; Entabeni, £1. 10-Year-Old, 6d.; Anon. (Durham), 9d.; J. N. (Holloway, N.7), 1s.; Anon. (Weybridge), 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; Billy B., 1s.; Sympathiser (Darwen), 1s.; Chichester, 1s.; J. Ashton (Worsley), 1s.; Janet Fleming, 1s.; Small Crossword Winner, 6d.; My Little Mite (Oldham), 1s. 6d.; A. W. Ronaldson (St. Mary Cray), 2s.; Sympathy (Abertillery), 2s. 6d.; C. B., 2s. 6d.; Southampton, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Lofty of the Heres, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 3s.; Staffs, 5s.; E. H. (Frant), 5s.; M. B. (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. McCrorie (Coventry), 6d.; Hopeful, 5s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; Mrs. E. Davies (Tott), 1s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Tom Lodge, 2s.; A Reader of JOHN BULL (Fife), 2s.; Mr. F. C. Bune, 10s.; Mrs. McCrorie, 6d.; Target Winner (Wivelsfield), 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; Potteryite, 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; Weroona, 10s.; A. J. H. Rogers, 4s.; Mrs. M. Pearson (Jersey), 3d.; Wellwisher (St. Helens), 6d.; Mrs. C. L. Leschot, 6d.; C. M. Mc. (Wiston), 1s.; S. J. P. (Ninth), 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Miss V. Seeney, 2s. 6d.; Unlucky, 6d.; Reader of JOHN BULL (Fife), 6d.; Sonny Clear, 6d.; Ora D. Santrey, 2s.; S. O. (Brecon), 5s.; Fred (Barnsley), 1s.; Inasmuch (Rochdale), 2s.; Deep Sea, £1; Mrs. L. Bee (Knott End), 4s.; C. T. Lewis (Postman), 1s.; Mr. C. Stafford (Oxford), 6d.; M. R. (Stanstead Abbotts), 2s.; K. E. (G.), 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. Payne (Strood); A Sympathetic Friend (Oxford); A Friend (M. H.); Constant Reader (Gillingham); M. Young; Mrs. Pike (Roehampton); Anon.; Mrs. A. C. Currie, Tib; Anon.; Mrs. J. Chester; A. Well Wisher (Tibshelf); A. H. W.; H. G. Taylor; Regular Reader in Suffolk; Mrs. L. Tomlinson; A. Walker (Cranfield); A. M. Benham (Bromley); Mrs. E. Ward (Maidstone); G. A. B. (Slough); Mrs. F. M.; Mrs. M. Dearberg, Widowed; F. S. and M. R. (Stanstead Abbotts); Anon.; Mrs. Walton (Bicester); Mrs. L. Bee (Knott End); K. E. M. H. O. P.; L. V. Kennett (Worthing); E. J. H. (Gillingham); K. M. Bennett (Bexhill-on-Sea); Mrs. E. B. Ellison; Mrs. Toy (Bedstead); A. Moxon (Camberwell); Mrs. L. Lewingdon (Eastleigh).

*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

# Where Danger lurks

**John Bull pays more Children's Benefits**

THE faster, the more furious the play, the better they pleased. They love to look the danger.

That mass attack in front of "goal"—that sudden dive to head the ball—may end in a fractured limb.

JOHN BULL has paid *thousands* of cheques to parents whose children have been injured at play in the street or school playground.

Perhaps *you* have received continually "needs" cheques. Young limbs are constantly broken. Have *you* registered for JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance?

## CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS—£3 each.

*We give below the names of a few parents who benefit on account of Children's [illegible]*

LONDON, E.14.—Mrs. F. Partleton, 95, Upper North St.

NR. NEWMARKET, CAMBS.—Mrs. W. M. Claydon, Station Rd., Dullingham.

DUDLEY COLLIERY, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. E. Dodds, 4, Double Row.

TIPTON, STAFFS.—Mr. H. Oakley, 25, Horseley Rd.

CARDIFF.—Mrs. A. Davies, 27, Coburn St., Cathays.

WALSALL.—Mrs. P. Keenan, 23, Sneyd Lane, Bloxwich.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. Hibbard, 77, Newark St., Attercliffe.

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MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. J. Duckett, 967, Ninth St., Trafford Park.

AMBERGATE, DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. J. W. Briggs, West Bank.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. Adams, 88, Darnall Rd., Attercliffe.

STOCKPORT.—Mrs. F. Forrester, 25, Travis Brow.

CULROSS, FIFE.—Mrs. W. T. Gibson, Back Causeway.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. C. H. Dove, 190, Picton Rd., Wavertree.

DUDLEY, WORCS.—Mr. A. P. Tonks, 69, Salop St.

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SALFORD.—Mr. J. Brown, 57, Peru St.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. [illegible] son, 5, [illegible] Balkwell.

WEST WEMYSS.—[illegible] Drybrugh, Y[illegible]

SHEFFIELD.—M[illegible] 13, Val[illegible]

SWANSEA.—M[illegible] Bryn [illegible] Loughar

STOCKTON-ON-[illegible] Riley, 11, [illegible]

PONTYPRIDD.—[illegible] Back of [illegible]

BLACKBURN.—W[illegible] Mrs. P. M[illegible] craigs.

PRESTON.—[illegible] ley, 53, [illegible]

NR. CARDIFF.—[illegible] The Manse, [illegible]

STOCKPORT.—M[illegible] 71, Short [illegible]

BRIERLEY.—M[illegible] 21, Princes [illegible]

NEWCASTLE.—[illegible] Down, 12, [illegible] Cowgate

GLASGOW.—Mr. [illegible] Edgefauld, [illegible]

RHONDDA.—Mrs. [illegible] 18, Cross St., [illegible]

BEDFORD.—Mrs. [illegible] 7, Brace St.

**Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you fr[illegible]**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 20/12/30.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

**"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I have sent an Order Form [illegible] agent for the regular weekly JOHN BULL. Please register me [illegible] reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send [illegible] certificate setting out the [illegible] conditions and certifying [illegible] sent if ½d. stamped addressed [illegible] enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B.

JOHN BULL'S **Sensational Threefold Gift to You!**

SEE PAGE 14

Christmas 1930
'John Bull' wishes you a Merry Christmas—and invites you to start the New Year with a £500 Cheque or a Gold-Lined Hamper!
A Record Again!
200
GOLD-LINED NEW YEAR HAMPERS
EACH HAMPER WINNER GETS—
PLUMP FOWL 1 lb CHOCOLATES
POUND SAUSAGES 1 TIN OF BISCUITS
PLUM PUDDING 50 CIGARETTES
DUNDEE CAKE BOX OF CRACKERS
MUSCATELS & ALMONDS BOTTLE OF PORT
AND CHEQUE FOR £1
and
Big 'Bullets' First
£500
2ND PRIZE £50
3RD PRIZE £25
10 OF £5 10 OF £3
300 PRIZES OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

## START NOW FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

SOON the New Year will be here, bringing for 200 "Bulleteers" a big Hamper of seasonable luxuries with a £1 cheque to give it a finishing touch. You can be amongst them, or you may be one of those who rejoice over the arrival of a substantial cash prize. The biggest of these cash prizes is a bumper cheque for £500, and an amusing half-hour spent on *Bullets* this evening can win you this splendid sum with which to start the New Year.

You have only to add any TWO, THREE, or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page and a *Bullet* is made.

Here is a specimen. Suppose you choose the *Example* CHAPTER 1931, the added words ANOTHER "INSTALMENT"—ANY "EASIER"? would complete a typical *Bullet*.

All your materials are here—a list of winning efforts below to study, this week's *Examples* and coupons which only await a few well-chosen words from your pen. Get busy before you forget.

## THIS WEEK'S BIG 'BULLETS' WINNERS

### FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No 783

**Mr. George Watson, 14, Victoria Road, Peckham, S.E.**
Example:—CAREFULLY CONCEALED
Bullet:—PROFITS — CARELESSLY EXPOSED, FOOD

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. S. Bennett, 72, New Walk, Leicester.
Example—On The Westminster Front
Bullet—Government "Detachment" Baffling Us.

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. Ruddock, 66, Greenhow Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example—Mother's Remedy
Bullet—There, There!" — Father's, "Here!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### 10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. ASHTON, 79, West Dixon Street, Salford.
Gets My Vote — Speech — Transfers It, Silence.

C. E. BAKER, "Steward," Moretonhampstead, Devon.
Parting Shot—"You'll Miss Me!"

E. CALDERWOOD, Ingledale, Clitheroe.
All We Ask—May We "Never Want."

A. DAVAGE, 4, Orchard Street, Frome, Som.
On The Westminster Front—Expenditure Advancing"—"Sentries" Nod.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss M. BAKER, 26, McKinlay Street, Glasgow.
Dangerous Game—Making Game of Danger.

Miss B. L. FARRINGTON, Penwortham Hill, near Preston, Lancs.
He's A Man Alien So—He'll Go When "Made."

A. V. GREEN, 39, Newton Road, Birmingham.
A Man's Way—Asking Use of Bargain!

Mrs. E. HODGSON, 171, Wragby Road. Lincoln.
Pokin— His Nose In—Suffering Dog—Insulting able "Puppy."

D. B. SMITH, 25, Richmond Terrace, Aberdeen
Business Matters—Thin Hair—Thicken Sk...

H. TATLOW, 11, Franklin Street, Blackburn.
Rising To The Occasion—Pierrot Deputation Visits Snowden.

### 10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. BAIRSTOW, 8, The Green, Northowram, Halifax.
On The Westminster Front—"Liveliness." With Nothing "Certain."

R. T. BIGGE, Victoria Road, Whetstone, Leicester.
On The Westminster Front—Election's "Battle-cry" Forgotten.

G. H. BROWN, 17, Derbyshire Avenue, Stretford, Manchester.
Net Result—"Fishing" For Flattery, "Cod."

J. BURNELL, 85, Marble Hall Road, Llanelly.
Mother's Remedy—Makes M.D. Mad.

R. L. DEADMAN, 3, Ceylon Villas, Shakespeare Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Orders—"Stiffening" For Empire "Ties."

H. HINCHLIFFE, 223, Long Walls, Helmbridge, Huddersfield.
Enterprising Reporter—Dashes Up—Down—Off.

R. LEE, 2, Main Street, Portrush, Ireland, N.
On The Westminster Front—"Fog"—"Wind" Won't Clear.

T. NAYLOR, 4, West Avenue, Orford, Warrington.
On All Hands—Worn Men Mourn "When——."

C. W. PARKINSON, 30, Barndale Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.
Parting—Unless Government "Meets" Us.

H. L. WINTER, 59, Ashland Road, Sheffield.
A Man's Way—To "Point," Ignoring "Jaw."

Winners of 100 Christmas Hampers, 250 Turkeys, 300 Cakes and 600 Fowls can be seen in list form at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being for cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly recorded on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
4. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

## FREE HELP AWAITS YOU!

Every Thursday we publish a free budget of hints and helpful articles for would-be winners—its name is *Bullets Bulletin*.

"A first-class 'reference book' which I commend to all *Bulleteers*" is a tribute to its value from Mr. E. R. Hughes, 1, Lloyd's Terrace, Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil, a recent £100 winner.

Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or better still, make sure of the next twelve issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address: "Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

## Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 786

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHAPTER 1931 | TEMPORARILY | DOESN'T LAST LONG |
| POLITICAL PANTOMIME | GOING WITH A SWING | GROANING |
| LET'S PULL TOGETHER AND | MODERN IMPROVEMENT | ONE IN THE EYE |
| BRITAIN'S CHOICE | WAGES | RECORDING ANGEL |
| VALUE FOR MONEY | A FRAUD | PARTLY |
| AIR OF FESTIVITY | DOWN DOWN DOWN | RED IN THE FACE |
| SNOWDEN v. TAXPAYER | COMING TO BLOWS | WISER NOW |
| OFFICE CAT | FREAK OF FORTUNE | BEGINS AT HOME |
| TOO GOOD TO MISS | CONCLUDED | THE VICTIMS |
| GENUINE ANTIQUE | DISTINGUISHING HIMSELF | LIFE WOULD BE DULL IF |
| MAN IN THE SHOP | FOOTSORE AND WEARY | |

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 3
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(786) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 3
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(786) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 3
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(786) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Jan. 3
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(786) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 786, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Examples for "Bullets" No. 787. (Closing Saturday, January 10.)
What Parliament's Doing—Baby 1931—Safer Now—Question For The Scientist—Life Is Sweet When—At The Moment—Captures Our Imagination—His Opponent—Appeals To Snowden—Impudence—Sweated Labour—Matters Little—To Her Face—One Long Struggle—Eternal Youth—Incurable Optimist—On Your Own—Pretty Pass—As Far As Possible—Village Schoolmistress—He Spoke His Mind And—Slowing Down—Sex Appeal—Miles Ahead—Hard—Deserves Success—No Enterprise—In These Times—Content—Makes Me Anxious—Never Found—She Wants To Know Why.

### SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 786 usually purchase their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 782 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Dayson, 41, Elthorne Road, London, E.

# SQUARE blade-ends

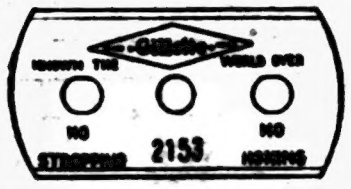
*The New Gillette Blade also fits the old Gillette Razor. Prices, 2/3 a packet of five—4/6 a packet of ten.*

## GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE

Genuine

## GILLETTE

3-hole




## BLADES

*for the original*

## GILLETTE RAZOR

*Reduced to*

**2/6** A PACKET OF 10

**1/3** A PACKET OF 5

## *Easier and safer to handle*

**HOW often in the past have you dropped your old rounded blade on to floor or wash-basin and blunted its edge?**

**Note the ends of this new blade. They are square. A square end is much easier and safer to handle with wet fingers.**

**But even more important, the ends of the new blade are more flush with the ends of the razor cap and guard . . . much easier now to reach those inaccessible little corners around the mouth, nose and ears.**

**But there are so many other big improvements that you won't fully appreciate them until you try this *New* Gillette Blade in the *New* Gillette Razor. Here are just a few:**

**No more wiping or drying of parts . . . New blade resists rust . . . "Razor pull" is banished for ever by new reinforced corners of razor cap and cut-out corners of blade. Dropping the razor can no longer put the blade out of alignment—no longer spoil your shave.**

**Try the *New* Gillette Blade to-day. On sale everywhere. Gillette Safety Razor Limited, 184-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.**

Gillette

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